The ANTIOCH REVIEW

WINTER, 1956-57

Coolidge and the Boston Police Strike
—Francis Russell

A Union View of Automation
—James Stern

Heinrich Heine
—Harry Steinhauer

Freud and the Changing Present
—Erling Eng

The Rise of the Provincials
—Malcolm Bradbury

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Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.
Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
306 W. 11th St., N.Y.

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Spirngs, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter, March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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VOLUME XVI DECEMBER, 1956 NUMBER 4

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Editor's Shop Talk

There was a time when teachers of English held the rules of grammar, the habits of spelling and the regulations of syntax to be as basic and as relatively immutable as the common law. Several generations of white collar workers and of professionals were brought up on what might be called the static approach to English usage. This was before the first days of the progressive school and before the age of television. Especially, it was before teachers of English accepted the discovery of scientific linguists that "good" or "correct" as applied to the use of English should mean "socially acceptable."

An English professor at Bowdoin College recently said that people should not worry so much about their grammar. "Anything is all right if it fits the occasion and expresses the intended thought," he is reported as saying. "Any large group of people sets its own standards. Factory workers, speaking generally, don't talk like college professors. And frankly, there is no reason why they should pay any attention to the fine points of grammar." The New York *Times* ran this item under the heading, "Prof Says Bum English Ain't Bad After All," and the *Reporter* took umbrage in a note captioned "For Who the Bell Tolls." Thus the editor practicing his craft to the professor attempting to liberate his.

The idea for the present note began in this editor's mind one day several weeks ago when he began to add up some of the reasons why he refuses to read through certain manuscripts which come in the mail. The reasons are varied. But they most frequently have to do with language or "style." It would seem elementary that before one breaks convention, one should know what convention is. Some of the stop signs beyond which I do not go in reading a manuscript are these: "incidently," "thusly," "alright," and "How are things between he and Peggy?"

The language we use is beset by many influences and many vicissitudes. But for one thing, English as she is spoke ain't English as she is wrote. Type is a more restrictive, a more conservative force than all the constipated grammarians who ever lived. "It's me" is natural English. "Shall" and "will," once distinguished one from the other, have now become completely confused. "Who" may some day replace "whom." But for at least the last forty years high school students have been substituting "nite" for "night" without affecting usage one iota. Simplified spelling and Esperanto alike have perished in the library, in the composing room and in the editor's style book.

—P. B.

Coolidge and the Boston Police Strike

By FRANCIS RUSSELL

If it had not been for the Boston Police Strike of September 1919, Calvin Coolidge would no doubt have ended as just another in the succession of Republican Governors of Massachusetts. But that particular set of curious chances made him known all over America. From the blurred perspective of the rest of the country he seemed a courageous figure of the minute-man stamp who had defied and defeated the violence that had threatened the sixth city of the United States.

For two days Boston was without police protection. There had been nothing comparable even in the draft riots of the Civil War. To find a parallel the historian would have had to go back to Sam Adams' Mohawks. Ordinary Bostonians did not reckon so far. They were shocked by this savagery and dismayed in sensing how thin the veneer of legal forms was by which they had ordered their lives. Conservatives like Henry Cabot Lodge saw the strike as the first step towards sovietizing the country.

The striking policemen, who by descent were for the most part Irish and Catholic, would have been astonished at any such analysis. They were ordinary Americans with an immediate grievance so engrossing that they gave little thought to the consequences. In the larger analysis the strike was part of the general pattern of industrial unrest that followed the dislocations of the postwar period. Nineteen-nineteen was a year of strikes—the great steel strike, the Seattle general strike, railway and transit strikes, a coal strike, longshoremen's strikes, strikes of actors in New York, even a buyers' strike. Their immediate cause

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The work of FRANCIS RUSSELL is not unfamiliar to readers of the *Antioch Review*. His most recent article was "The Tragedy in Dedham: a Retrospect of the Sacco-Vanzetti Trial" (winter 1955-56 issue).

was the inflation, the failure of wages to keep up with what was then known as the High Cost of Living. The more underlying cause was, however, that sense of restlessness that runs through every society in the anti-climax following the artificial unity of a war.

As for the policemen's grievances they were real enough. In spite of a slight raise their minimum pay was $1,100 a year, out of which they had to buy their uniforms. Even for those days it was below average, emphasizing the lagging procedure of governments and the need of a union, as they saw it, to catch up on this lag. Beyond the question of pay the police stations were crowded and dirty, and the conditions of a policeman's life unnecessarily disagreeable. To the ordinary Boston patrolman a union seemed the answer. The Boston firemen had formed one without causing any comment or protest. Police in thirty-seven other American cities had already formed unions.

The Boston Police Strike was not unique. That same year over a thousand London policemen struck, and in Liverpool there was a strike almost as large. There have been numbers of police strikes before and since that have passed over and been forgotten a month later. For if, when the police walk out, there is adequate substitute protection such a strike is no more notable than any other. In Boston, though, there was no one to replace the police when they struck. That the city was left without protection was due directly to Police Commissioner Curtis. Indirectly Mayor Peters and Governor Coolidge shared the responsibility. Any one of them could have controlled the event. Ironically enough Coolidge, who did the least, received the final credit for doing everything.

Twenty-four years before becoming Police Commissioner, Edwin U. Curtis had been at the age of thirty-four the youngest mayor that the City of Boston had ever had. He was from an established and wealthy Boston family, and he felt that in taking public office again he was doing his duty to the community. His position as Commissioner was anomalous. A generation before, when he was Mayor, the old-line Bostonians still controlled the city they considered theirs by inheritance. But even then they were being pushed by the Irish offspring of the Famine years. When it became obvious that Irish Democrats would take over Boston politically, the Republican State Legislature engineered a law to place the appointment of the Boston Police Commissioner in the hands of the Governor. Thus the "Honey"

Fitzgeralds might possess City Hall but they would not be able to get their fingers on the Police Department.

Curtis in his middle age had become an autocratic Puritan with supercilious eyes and a puffy disdainful face. His attitude towards the police was that of a general towards his troops. They were "his" men, and in the hierarchy of command his orders were to be obeyed cheerfully and without question. At the core of Curtis's unbending self was a sense of insecurity. The Boston in which he had grown up, the class to which he belonged were being superseded. His class had governed Boston since the Revolution. Now it was being steam-rollered by the second-generation Irish. Curtis despised this new emerging group with its alien religion and its eye for political plunder. In his heart he was convinced that Boston would never again be a decent city until the ephemeral Honey Fitzes and Jim Curleys and Dan Coakleys had been replaced by Curtises. That was why in the period of Boston's decline he accepted the office of Police Commissioner from Republican Governor McCall, Coolidge's predecessor.

During the early summer months of 1919 the policemen began organizing themselves into the Boston Social Club. Curtis countered this with a general order stating that a police officer could not consistently belong to a union and perform his sworn duty. In spite of this warning the Boston Social Club applied for a charter from the American Federation of Labor.

Curtis at once announced the addition to his department rules and regulations of Rule 35: "No members of the force shall join or belong to any organization, club or body . . . which is affiliated with or part of any organization, club or body outside the department."

On August 11 the American Federation of Labor granted a charter to the Social Club as Boston Police Union, No. 16,807. Curtis then charged the eight leaders and officers of the new union with insubordination and ordered them placed on trial. The union countered by warning him that if these men were disciplined the police would strike. The union also maintained that Curtis's regulation was "invalid, unreasonable and contrary to the express law of Massachusetts." Curtis found the men guilty but postponed sentence. On August 29th he found eleven more leaders guilty but again suspended sentence, as he later said to give the men a chance to withdraw from the Federation. He then announced that he would pass sentence on September 4.

This was the impasse at the end of August.

No one was more distressed at the prospect of a police strike than the Mayor of Boston, Andrew J. Peters. By nature Peters was a more conciliatory type than the Commissioner. In addition he belonged to the same political party as the policemen. He was that rarity, a Yankee Democrat. Here and there they were to be found in Massachusetts, of Colonial descent, of inherited wealth, Harvard-educated, and yet by some twist of family inheritance standing outside the old Bay State Federalist tradition. Charles W. Eliot was one of them, as were the Russells of Cambridge, Winslow Warren the President of the Cincinnati and descendant of the Bunker Hill general, ex-Governor Foss, and others.

Peters was an interim mayor between the first and second administrations of the flamboyant James Michael Curley. He had been elected the year before as a minority candidate with the help of the Good Government Association—Goo-goos to Jim Curley—while Curley and Congressman James A. Gallivan were at each other's political throats.

To the more optimistic old Bostonians Peters had seemed a sign of the city's redemption from the Celts. The new Mayor was in the Social Register. He was wealthy enough to be personally honest, he was conciliatory as befitted a Democrat, but his dominant quality was ineffectuality. In Wilson's first administration he had served casually as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In Boston he was lost. While he sat in the mayor's office, bagmen did business in the anterooms and greenbacks were passed routinely in the corridors. Under the rule of John F. "Honey" Fitzgerald contractors had a habit of charging the city for each side of a granite paving block. In Peters' administration they sold the foundations of City Hall.

Racially Peters resembled rather an aberrant Scot than a Yankee. He had a high glabrous forehead fringed by rufous hair that gave him the spurious look of a thinker, and curiously tufted, almost Mephistophelian eyebrows. He spoke in a high voice with a precise exaggerated Harvard accent.

Politics was an avocation rather than a vocation with him. He preferred golf and yachting to long hours at his desk. Somehow he was able to shut both his mind and his eyes to the corruption of his administration. He gave the impression of an easy superficial man, inclined to bore. Yet beneath his brownstone exterior was a mon-

strously perverse personality, unrecognized at the time and only to come to vague light years afterward.[1]

Peters watched the August days recede with dazed impotence. The threat of the coming strike was too much for him, and like other weak men in a crisis he looked for some way to shift responsibility. The safest and easiest way was, as always, to appoint a committee. So in the last week of the month the Mayor named a Citizens' Committee of Thirty-Four to investigate and advise on the situation in the police department. The committee was made up of old Bostonians with a lacing of others that included several wealthy Irish and Jewish merchants. It was headed by James J. Storrow of the ultra-conservative firm of Lee, Higginson & Company that somewhat over a decade later was to go to the wall following Ivar Kreuger's suicide.

At the outset the committee opposed the police affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Except for this they felt a compromise could be worked out, if Curtis did not force the issue. From August 29 to September 2 they met daily with the president and leaders of the Policemen's Union. But the chief obstacle to any settlement was the adamant Police Commissioner whose very personality stiffened the intransigence of the police.

On Wednesday, September 3, the Commissioner refused Storrow's request for a few days' delay in passing sentence. However, when Peters asked formally for a postponement Curtis finally agreed to put off his decision until the following Monday.

Meanwhile Governor Coolidge sat aloof in his State House office two hundred yards from City Hall. At this point, as Claude M. Fuess in his definitive life of Coolidge admits, "a single word from him [Coolidge] would probably have led to a compromise, but that word he would not utter."

William Allen White in *A Puritan in Babylon* tells the story of Calvin Coolidge as a student at Black River Academy. Calvin was in bed one evening in the dormitory while several other boys of more prankish disposition pitched an old stove downstairs. He remained in bed. When one of the masters asked him next day if he had not heard the noise, he said that he had. When the master asked further

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[1]For this side of Peters see Morris Markey's "The Mysterious Death of Starr Faithfull" in Isabel Leighton's *The Aspirin Age*, Simon & Shuster, 1949.

why he had not done anything, he replied, "It wa'n't my stove." The looming police strike "wa'n't" his strike.

His attitude was that the police crisis was for the Commissioner and the Mayor to resolve as best they could. As he had not appointed Curtis he felt no responsibility for him. If a strike should occur it was up to them to safeguard the city. The attempts of the Committee of Thirty-Four to get Coolidge to intervene were in vain. As events moved to their climax over that first week-end in September the Governor left Boston for the western part of the state. No one knew where he was.

"Coolidge ran away," my father used to say. "He got scared and cleared out. Just what we expected, but afterward they made a hero of him." At the time my father was in the Massachusetts legislature. Like most of those who came in such close contact with Coolidge he did not like him. "The laziest man who was ever Governor of Massachusetts," my father maintained. "He'd sit in his office mornings with his feet on the desk reading the *Herald* and smoking a cigar. In the afternoon he used to take naps." Mother, meeting Coolidge at the annual reception for legislators and their wives, said that shaking hands with the Governor was like shaking hands with a codfish.

Governor Coolidge was the product of the Republican escalator system that worked for decades with great smoothness until the depression years destroyed its mechanism. Up the escalator went the more astute and adjustable local politicians under the benevolent surveillance of Boss Murray Crane and the general staff of the Republican State Committee. Coolidge in his typical career went on from Mayor of Northampton to become a State Representative, State Senator, President of the Senate, Lieutenant Governor and then Governor. Though patricians like Henry Cabot Lodge might be scornful of his bucolicisms, his Vermont accent, and his two-family house on Massasoit Street in Northampton, Coolidge meshed into the machine. After two terms as Governor he could look forward to the sinecure reward of a directorship in some life insurance company or the peace of the First National Bank.

Such were the inducements for those who stayed in line. For those who did not there was arctic isolation. My father, though a regular Republican, had his maverick side. He once ran for the State Senate before the Republican hierarchy gave him the nod. And he was de-

feated. Though subsequently he was elected to several additional terms as Representative, the escalator entrance was henceforth barred to him. He might sit in the House but he would never again be appointed to so much as a committee on fish hatcheries. His political career was over.

Storrow and the members of the Citizens' Committee spent a baffling week-end trying to locate the Governor. They themselves wanted no open break with the police. Their compromise plan, approved by Mayor Peters, would have allowed an unaffiliated union. If the men would call off their strike there would be no disciplinary action taken against the leaders, and the various other grievances would be submitted to an impartial board. The counsel for the union urged them to accept. If the Governor and the Commissioner had agreed, the plan undoubtedly would have been accepted by the police. Curtis declined to accept any solution "that might be construed as a pardon of the men on trial." On Monday morning he suspended the nineteen police leaders.

Peters, as fluttery and ineffectual as ever, scurried about trying to find some last-minute solution, although by now he was convinced that the strike was unavoidable. As Mayor he had the right in an emergency to call out the several regiments of the State Guard within the Boston area. Characteristically he was not aware of this.

Coolidge returned suddenly to his office on Monday afternoon in a testy mood. Storrow and Peters were waiting for him. They begged him to sponsor the compromise plan as the last hope of averting the strike. He refused. Finally they asked him to mobilize three or four thousand troops of the State Guard. He maintained that the situation could be left safely in Curtis's hands. Curtis still felt that the majority of the police would remain loyal to him.

Later that same day the police voted 1134-2 to strike. The strike was set for the following day at five o'clock. At one o'clock on Tuesday the Mayor called the Commissioner who assured him he had ample means to protect the city. Four hours later the key figures, Coolidge, Peters and Curtis, held a last conference. To Peters' renewed plea to call out the State Guard, Coolidge informed him of the mayor's powers within the Boston limits. Curtis insisted he did not need the State Guard. "I am ready for anything," he told the Governor.

Of the 1544 men in the Boston Police Department 1117 went out on strike. There was no authority on hand to replace them. Although a force of volunteers had been enrolling in the preceding weeks, the Commissioner did not use them. Coolidge years later wrote in his autobiography that he felt afterwards he should have called out the State Guard as soon as the police left their posts. "The Commissioner," he added as an apologia, "did not feel that this was necessary." Peters, faced with a sudden decision, could not bring himself to call out the local guard. The strike was left to follow its own pattern unimpeded.

As the police left the station houses, still in uniform but minus their badges, they were cheered by some, and a few furtive adolescents crept up to throw mud against the station doors. At first nothing more happened. Then in the twilight little groups began to start dice games all over Boston Common. Seen from the top of Beacon Hill they looked like mushrooms sprung up on the slope by the Frog Pond as they formed circles to shoot craps under the shadow of the State House. It was harmless enough at first, a naive gesture against authority. But with the darkness crowds began to gather on the other side of Beacon Hill in the vicinity of Scollay Square with its honky-tonks and flop houses. For some time they milled about restlessly, as yet uncertain, waiting only for that unifying act of violence that would turn them into a mob. Then it happened. As with all such events no one could be quite sure afterward how it started—a broken store front, an overturned truck, a woman's scream, and the mob was off.

The Boston mob did not amount to so very much as such things go. Stores around Scollay Square were looted and later in the evening a few women were assaulted. In the Celtic matrix of South Boston an unfocussed rowdyism swaggered and held to such japes as pulling the trolleys off the wires. But there was a sinister air about the carnival of those streets that made respectable middle-class observers think back uneasily to *A Tale of Two Cities* that they had read long ago in school. For a few moments the lid was off their stratified social structure, and the glimpse they had of what lay underneath was cold and cruel, something they did not like to think about.

Tuesday night Peters vanished as effectively as had Coolidge over the week-end. Then late Wednesday morning he finally called out the State Guard in Boston. Before the end of the afternoon the guardsmen were patrolling the streets. Peters then issued a statement to the

press remarking plaintively that in this crisis he had "received no co-operation from the Police Commissioner and no help or practical suggestions from the Governor." Now, with the authority he claimed he had found under an old statute, he removed Curtis and began calling up the citizen volunteers.

During the day the city remained quiet, but in the evening the mob gathered again, a harder and more menacing mob than the night before, reinforced by professional criminals who had been heading toward Boston all the afternoon. In Scollay Square the guardsmen cleared the center with bayonets and when, not far from the site of the eighteenth-century Boston Massacre, they were threatened and stoned they opened fire, killing three. By a flanking movement the crapshooters were chased from Boston Common and somehow a sailor was killed in the scuffle. Two other men were killed in South Boston. After that the mob melted away.

The Citizens' Committee reported afterward that "by Thursday morning order had generally been restored in the city." The strike was broken. During this interval Coolidge had been consulting with Murray Crane and the Republican elders, all of whom felt it was now time to take a stand. So, nettled by the Mayor's statement and by the removal of the Commissioner, Coolidge belatedly acted. By executive order he called out all the State Guard and assumed full control over the Boston Police Department, instructing Curtis to resume his post at once.

After the rioting the Boston strike overshadowed other news, capturing the country's headlines and alarming newspaper readers. By the time it had made its full impact Coolidge had taken over. Out of what seemed to the rest of America a chaotic situation a man had emerged. At once this Yankee governor with the dour expression became a national figure. His pictures papered the land. Even President Wilson sent him a telegram of congratulation. And when the Governor replied to President Gompers of the A. F. of L. who had asked reinstatement of the strikers, he provided a slogan with the copybook phrase: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Whatever Peters and the members of the committee might think, he became, in the words of the *Boston Herald*, "the pilot that weathered the storm."

To those business men who as volunteers received badge and revolver from the downtown police stations the strike was an adventure. For once again, if briefly, the old Bostonians had achieved physical control of their city. As one leafs through the old newspaper files one sees them in faded rotogravure, smiling self-assured faces, the younger men dressed in trench-coats copied from the wartime British officers. Here and there one finds a sterner note as one glimpses some Beacon Hill relic of the Civil War days patrolling the financial district with golf cap and night stick. Ex-Harvard athletes turned broker are abundant.

My father became a special policeman in Dorchester, but Dorchester Hill where we lived was as placid during the strike as before. Blue Hill Avenue and the Dorchester streets below us were equally calm. It was probably quite a disappointment to my father. His single adventure was in commandeering a private automobile to chase a suspicious character who had been observed boarding the streetcar at Mattapan Square. The character was suspicious because he was foreign-looking and had tried to change a ten-dollar bill at McHugh's drug-store. However, he turned out to be merely an Italian workman with the bill all that was left of his Saturday pay.

One of my father's fixed beliefs was that he had a natural talent for things military, a talent under which he now subsumed police work. For several days he directed traffic at the corner of Morton Street, the busiest intersection between Franklin Park and Mattapan Square. In those days there were only about a twentieth as many cars on the road as today, but somehow each morning my father managed to create a traffic jam of dimensions previously unknown in Dorchester and not to be seen again until the introduction of traffic lights. He maintained that the tie-up was due to all the drivers coming in town after the strike, and that no regular policeman could have managed better. Whatever the jam, he enjoyed himself thoroughly. Badge, revolver, whistle and white gloves were authoritative symbols that made his office seem tame when he went back to it a week later.

To my father the police strike was a kind of compensation for not having served in two wars. The World War found him in his late thirties with a wife and two children, and he had to content himself with the second-best of serving in the legislature and being on

the Mattapan Legal Advisory Board. Twenty years before as a boy of 17 he had stood in line with my Uncle Charlie at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War to join the Roxbury Horse Guards for service in Cuba. However, someone tipped off my grandfather in his South Boston office and he whipped down in his buggy to pick up the two of them before they reached the recruiting sergeant's desk. My father never did wear a uniform. The Boston Police Strike was the closest he ever came to being on active service. I expect he regretted he wasn't in Scollay Square that second night.

Before the strike the police of Boston still wore dome-shaped helmets like the English police. They also wore high-necked frock coats above which protruded the ends of a wing collar. With their leather outer belts and long wooden night-sticks they resembled the old Keystone cops.

The only policeman I knew by sight was Mr. Fitzgibbons. His daughter Susy was in our third-grade room. Susy was a bright aggressive little girl who wore paper hair-ribbons, could write in Palmer Method without making blots and got double promotions. As I look now at our old third-grade picture I can see that she was the most attractive one of our group, but I did not think so then. She was the oldest of seven children.

The Fitzgibbonses lived in a square little two-and-a-half-story house down the street from the Martha Baker School. They were all neat well-behaved children, and though they went to St. Angela's, not like those tough shanty Irish who lived on Mulvey Street. Mrs. Fitzgibbons belonged to the Mothers' Club. There was such a lot of Fitzgibbonses that they used to have benches along the dining room table instead of chairs. People like my mother were a little dubious about so many children, but they thought Mrs. Fitzgibbons was a wonderful manager.

I can remember Mr. Fitzgibbons coming up over the Hill on the way home from the station, a tall striding figure in his grey helmet and blue coat with the shining badge and buttons. Even the Mulvey Streeters who used to yell, "Cheese it, the cop!" when they saw the other policemen, were quiet when he went by. No one would have dared to challenge his presence. Mr. Fitzgibbons, that proud and handsome man walking up the street with the sun shining on his helmet, saluting Miss Sykes our teacher as he passed with courtly reserve, was

the Law. But on that Tuesday afternoon he went on strike with the others. "If I hadn't been in my last month, Mike would never have walked out," Mrs. Fitzgibbons told my mother afterward.

On Friday the striking policemen, dismayed by the reaction against them, voted almost unanimously to return to work on the same basis as before the strike. They had counted on organized labor to back them up, but the two days' rioting had made public opinion too hostile. Commissioner Curtis would have nothing to do with them. He issued an order that none of the striking policemen would ever be taken back—and none ever were. He also fixed the minimum wage at $1,400 a year and began recruiting a new force.

Meanwhile the volunteer policemen were sent home and all Boston police duties were carried on by the State Guard. The Guard was a mixture of overage and underage men who had joined this temporary organization when the Massachusetts National Guard—the Yankee Division—had been called to active service in 1917. The guardsmen's aspect was ludicrously unmilitary. They scarcely knew the manual of arms, and they still wore the laced gaiters and felt campaign hats of the Mexican Border Campaign of 1916 that had been replaced in the AEF by spiral puttees and overseas caps.

To us in the third grade, though, they were impressive indeed, soldiers in the flesh, objects of military might. It was like having Memorial Day every day in the week to see so many uniforms. The guardsmen carried rifles with fixed bayonets rather than revolvers, just like the pictures of soldiers in the war. That Hallowe'en I was chased by a guardsman who caught me shinnying up the lamp post to put out the gas light in front of the Sands'. As soon as I saw him I jumped and tried to get away by ducking through the back yards but he ran after me and the fear went down into my legs. I still recall my side glimpse of that looming khaki figure in his wide-brimmed felt hat, his rifle at the port and the light sparkling on the bayonet as he chased me across lots and under clothes lines. At each step he took I could hear the slap of the leather sling against his rifle butt. I was so frightened I wet myself.

By the end of the year Commissioner Curtis had recruited his new police force, and the brown uniforms of the State Guard disappeared. Governor Coolidge was re-elected in November by a tremendous majority and there were whisperings of him as a dark-horse

presidential candidate. "Jack the Giant Killer," William Allen White called him. The new policemen had different uniforms. The long coats and wing collars had been discarded. Caps replaced the helmets. It was the close of an era, the end of the patrolman in his high helmet walking his beat under the gas lamps past the corner saloon, the beginning of prowl cars and bootleg gin and racketeers.

Even in the third grade I could sense the change. I remember one sunny October afternoon passing the Fitzgibbons' house on the way from school. The Fitzgibbonses had a tree in their yard that Susy called an umbrella tree. It had wide leaves almost two feet long and a pink fruit that ripened in the autumn and looked like a magnolia bud. Most of the leaves had fallen and the yard behind the clipped privet hedge was buried under with them. One of the Fitzgibbons children who was too young to go to school yet was gathering the leaves in his express wagon. Another, still younger, sat on the edge of the curb in front of the house playing with an old spoon and a grey policeman's helmet.

John the Baptist

By SAMUEL MENASHE

The water
of the world
is love

the Water
of the World
is Love

SAMUEL MENASHE received a doctorate at the University of Paris after the war with a thesis called, "An Essay on the Poetic Experience." He has taught at Bard College.

The Dream

By SAMUEL YELLEN

Once again he found himself in that field
Whose four corners, lacking perspective, were square;
Bright flowers shone against its emerald
Like painted flowers glazed on earthenware.
Daisies, poppies, buttercups, marigolds, flags
(Some in that season should not have been blooming)
Threw their fresh colors on his bare arms and legs.

He rambled on towards hay stacked neat in cones,
While light untarnished tumbled in a torrent;
Within his flesh gleamed the lucid bones
(In that light all objects were transparent).
Stooping to study the death-cup of a toadstool,
He smiled to see his body cast no shadow
On his red heart beating gaily in its capsule.

A childish voice rang in the sparkling air,
"Red Rover, Red Rover, let Alice come over!"
As if waiting for some figure to appear,
A long moment he stood there in the clover,
Then turned and ran beyond the farthest stack.
My voice could not carry in that alien ether;
I knew, and yet I cried, "No! No! Come back! Come back!"

The work of SAMUEL YELLEN has appeared frequently in the *Antioch Review*. His "Reginald Pomfret Skelton" appears in Martha Foley's *Best American Short Stories*, 1956.

The field dissolved to alleys, twisted, narrow,
Where he trudged in soot damp and corrosive;
Across the cobbles limped a sickly sparrow,
The houses were familiarly oppressive.
Identity he had, could he but wash
From himself the strange ill-fitting body
Of brittle scaffold-bones and wilted flesh.

A swarthy radiance exuded from the sky.
Coming to a crossing, he stood there puzzled,
As if he knew not where he was, nor why.
He stared at his thin arms, the hair was grizzled;
All was murky, all things were now opaque.
He looked into his breast; the heart was hidden,
Its presence betrayed only by a deep ache.

He felt a wind come up, and he was driven
Like a hunted felon in some antique chromo.
Underneath the scene faint words were graven;
I put my glasses on, and read *Ecce homo!*
Just then a shrill falsetto screamed, "Run, sheep, run!"
Startled, the child-man recalled his mission,
Turned blindly down a lane, and stumbled on.

Early Poem

By Sydney Kessler

I think it happened soon after
  The first time I kissed a girl;
    (It was in the schoolyard,
    At recess)
Or perhaps it started at home,
  On the rainy day I cut my
Hand while whittling;
    (It took three stitches
    To close the wound)
Suddenly, without warning, my
  Older sister looked younger than I.

Since then, time has been
  Running like a frightened thing.
Whether I bum on street corners,
  Or ride the subway from one
End of the city to the other,
  It runs and will not stop.

Only once, when mother was dying,
  Too slowly, in the city hospital,
Did it seem to falter, and things,
    For a moment, were
    As they used to be,
    In focus,
    But sad,
Beginning again to be strange.

Sydney Kessler is a textile chemist employed by a Philadelphia rug mill. A number of his poems have appeared recently in the *Saturday Review*.

A Union View of Automation

By JAMES STERN

THE MANAGER of a modern automobile plant defines automation as "any operation that removes a man from production." The editor of a technical magazine says that "automation is the substitution of mechanical, pneumatic, hydraulic, electrical and electronic devices for human organs of decision and effort." Workers may be puzzled by the second definition but unfortunately are already quite familiar with the first. Most articles about automation take a "bird's eye" view and talk about its long-run benefits with only fleeting reference to the fact that dramatic changes in technology frequently have, as immediate by-products, unfortunate consequences for the workers involved. Nevertheless, it appears sensible and probably more illuminating to start with what might be called a "worm's eye" view—a view of what is actually happening in, say, a modern automobile plant.

Raw materials and finished products that were manually trucked in and out of such a plant ten years ago now are automatically dispatched into, around, and out of it by intricate automatic conveyor systems. The manager of the foundry division proudly tells all visitors that "the moulding sand used to make castings is never touched by human hands."

The steel scrap that formerly was manhandled out of the plant with the aid of crude hoists and lift trucks now departs without even being seen except through a television set. Scrap from each machine automatically drops down chutes into under-the-ground conveyors. One man sitting amid noise that would deafen the uninitiated tends

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Since 1954 JAMES STERN has been international representative of the United Automobile Workers chiefly concerned with problems of automation. He has had engineering training and experience and holds a Ph.D. in Economics from the University of California. He served for two years as chief of the Production Section, Labor Division, of the European Cooperation Administration.

a giant baler fed by many conveyors. By pushing buttons and turning handles the baler operator regulates the many intake conveyors, the baler itself, and the exit conveyor which sends a 2,000-pound bundle of steel scrap hurtling into a gondola-type freight car. Although the naked eye of the operator cannot see the freight car outside to determine whether he is loading the bales into it correctly, he can by use of his trusty television camera and remote controls, not only see exactly where each bale hits, but can also move the freight car up and down the tracks in order to distribute the bales over its entire length.

In the engine machining department there is not a single man on the floor of the room in which the cylinder head is being machined. Formerly there were hundreds of men a few feet apart each tending a single-purpose machine. Today the tools of these machines have been linked together on a single base with the automatic loading, machining, inspection, and transferring features. This 550-foot giant made up of hundreds of tools, gauges, and switches is really a small private factory—a factory run by a single operator from a control station located on a balcony. Several hundred lights keep the man informed of each operation. Trouble and its location are spelled out for him when the standard light pattern changes. From his balcony stool he can take simple corrective measures by twisting a few knobs. More complicated problems require that he alert the maintenance personnel while he, at the same time, sets his switches so that the cylinder heads can be automatically shuttled down an alternate line.

Engines have been spray-painted for years but now no man holds the spray gun. Engines are automatically rotated in front of successive sets of spray guns which travel automatically up and down. Even this is not so amazing as the path that the paint particles follow. Sprayed out in an arc, they converge on the engine like iron filings on a magnet. A positive electrical charge has been given to the metal-base paint and a negative electrical charge to the engine.

When the completely assembled and painted engine enters the inspection department it no longer is transferred from cart to dynamometer stand. Hoist men, truckers, and the crew of inspectors at each stand are gone. Nor has any person replaced them. Engines enter the inspection department on a moving track and duck off into engine test stands like chipmunks heading underground at the ap-

proach of a hawk. The engines act as if they know the test stands are empty and ready to receive them. Oil lines, gas lines, exhaust lines, water lines, and electrical connections spring out of the test stands and automatically screw and clamp themselves into place. No button is pushed yet the engine turns over and runs for twenty minutes. At the end of its test cycle it automatically stops, the connections automatically disengage themselves, and the engine is automatically drained, moves out of the test stand, and waits patiently next to the moving line looking for an empty spot. When that appears, the engine darts into the line and continues out of the department immune to the lures of other empty test stands which it passes en route. By use of cams, feelers, and a variety of switches, each step in inspection is controlled in accordance with a program of instructions built into the machinery.

Across the street or possibly clear across the country there is a stamping plant turning out hoods, fenders and roofs that will be assembled to make the automobile body. The body plants feature many of the techniques seen in engine plants and foundries. Painting the body is just as automatic as painting the engine. A few features, worthy of mention, are applicable to all sheet metal factories, although the product may be refrigerators or metal cabinets, rather than autos.

Formerly two men loaded a large steel panel into a press and two other men took out the formed piece. At successive presses groups of men loaded and unloaded the piece through successive forming, piercing, flanging and trimming operations. Today one man feeds the panel to an iron hand which in turn feeds the piece into the press. Another iron hand takes the piece from the press and places it on a conveyor leading to the next press. There another iron hand grasps the piece and puts it in a press. The press turns on automatically and another iron hand pulls the piece out. There are no operators along the automated press line, and only a few at the beginning and end of the operation. A few years ago there were three or four dozen men along each line. In one such stamping plant the men refer to the iron hands that replaced their colleagues as "Charley McCarthys."

As yet the analogue computers that are used in various factory operations have not been nicknamed. They are used, among other tasks, to measure the degree of imbalance of a rotating crankshaft. They then automatically transmit the necessary instructions to standard drills

which in turn automatically take off the desired amount of material from the exact point on the crankshaft specified by the computer. Even these computors, however, are rather elementary compared to the large digital computors used in the offices of large plants.

One new computor presently undergoing trials in a large plant in Indiana will run the payroll for five plants of this company scattered throughout the eastern half of the country. A payroll for six thousand workers, taking many people many hours to compute, was handled by the computor in six minutes.

The effects of automation are now under study. Though information about its impact on the entire economy is incomplete, certain conclusions are emerging.

Automation increases productivity enormously. Output per unit of floor-space and potential maximum output per plant are greatly increased. Investment and energy consumption per worker are likely to treble. Automatic control of operations decreases safety hazards. Physical effort on automated jobs is almost eliminated. Quality of product is improved. Inventory investment is decreased and lead time on orders reduced. From an engineering standpoint, most of the jobs in factories, offices and stores can now be automated, but in many cases the cost is still extremely high. The extensive research and high cost of automation installations favor those corporations that have relatively easy access to capital and are accustomed to financing large-scale research. Simple, repetitive office and factory jobs are easier and more economic to automate than complicated, varying jobs. Effective use of the new technology frequently involves the building of new plants and forced-draft obsolescence of old ones. Dispersion, decentralization and general relocation of industry are accelerated by automation.

Significant shifts in the number, location and nature of jobs will accompany the introduction of automated facilities. Many occupational opportunities will be curtailed or eliminated; new ones will be created. A general upgrading of skills mixed with some job dilution is anticipated.

Although traditionally antagonistic groups in society generally agree about the above technical implications of automation, there is widespread disagreement about the speed with which automation will

be applied, the extent to which it will be economically feasible, and the social and economic impact it will have.

Automation experts say that drudgery can be eliminated, the work week shortened drastically and a world of abundance created within a few years. The Chamber of Commerce tells all citizens that "they'll be among automation's beneficiaries." The National Association of Manufacturers seconds this motion. They invite us along for the ride while "the magic carpet of our free economy heads for distant and undreamed of horizons." We don't have to do anything.

According to this management viewpoint, automation brings orderly progress automatically. One management spokesman stated this view boldly at a *Fortune*-sponsored roundtable—"I don't think we are consciously trying to improve their standard of living. These things take care of themselves."

Neither history nor the evidence to date substantiates this optimistic position. Sudden change generates frictions that frequently burn those who are close to the scene. Automation descended upon Detroit a few years ago. Every year more operations come under automation but even so, according to a major automotive spokesman, to date only five per cent of its operations have been automated. Like the old cliché recharged by recent Presidential usage—you ain't seen nothing yet. But Detroit has seen something. It has seen enough to know that automation brings worries along with benefits. For the country as a whole, one can logically ask the question—will the ripples caused by the stones dropping in the pond at Detroit spread undiminished across the country? Will the ripples fade away or will the number of stones and ripple centers increase to the point of upsetting the entire economy? What will be automation's effect on the Pittsburgh-oriented steel industry, or the Kansas City meat packing firms, on the radio and television towns in the eastern part of the country? A look at the Detroit landscape may provide evidence useful in answering such questions.

The Packard plant, a Detroit landmark for thirty years, is now closed. The Hudson plant which employed more than 20,000 workers in the postwar period is also closed. 6000 Packard workers, 20,000 Hudson workers, 600 Federal Truck workers, 500 Federal Mogul workers, 300 Bohn Aluminum workers, and 8000 Murray Body work-

ers have been forced to seek new jobs within the last few years when their plants were closed. Did automation close these plants? . . . Not directly. But it is clear that the high cost of automated equipment, the increased capacity of the automated equipment installed in the major plants, and the vertical integration of the industry that automation accelerates all played a part in explaining the failure of these firms.

Looking more closely at the Murray Body story one gets some insight into the intricacies of the problems brought by automation in automobile manufacture. Murray Body formerly supplied about one-third of the body parts used by the Ford Motor Company. When Ford automated its stamping plants it expanded capacity and production enough to announce proudly that automation of its stamping plant facilities had not harmed the Ford worker. This is true so far as reduction of employment at Ford is concerned; but it omits the fact that the supplier contract with Murray Body was cancelled. Between 1947 and 1955 Ford multiplied its production of cars three times. In 1947, 13,000 Ford workers and 5,000 Murray Body workers produced major stampings for 750,000 Fords. In 1955, 13,000 Ford workers and no Murray Body workers produced the more complicated stampings for 2,250,000 Fords.

The Murray Body plant was closed in the summer of 1954 shortly before the beginning of the 1955-model year. That was a record-breaking year for the automobile industry. Employment and output indices for the economy were climbing to new highs. Murray Body workers were not job hunting in the midst of a depression but even so, it was not easy to find employment.

Based on a 10 per cent sample survey made of the Murray Body workers under the direction of a university professor in the Detroit area, it was found that one year after the plant had closed down only 71 per cent of the men had gained re-employment. Fifty per cent of the workers exhausted their unemployment compensation benefits before finding employment. The older workers, women, and Negroes, who were forced to buck discrimination, fared worse than the young white worker. All of the women exhausted their unemployment compensation benefits and only half of them finally gained employment after diligent efforts. In order to get jobs many had to take substantial wage cuts. For the sample as a whole, there was an average drop of

nine cents an hour. Negroes, on the average, had a wage cut 50 per cent greater than this. It took the average Murray Body worker three months to get a new job; but it took the average Murray Body worker over 45 twice as long. Other things being equal, skill levels played an important part in determining how fast one could get a new job. Twelve per cent of the skilled white males under 46 exhausted benefits as opposed to 35 per cent of the semi-skilled and unskilled white males under 46. When one compares the 12 per cent benefit exhaustion rate with that of the 68 per cent exhaustion rate of the unskilled worker over 45 it becomes clear that maturity in an unskilled worker is an undesirable trait so far as hiring practices are concerned.

Automation in the automobile industry along with other factors has meant a further concentration of power in the hands of General Motors and to some degree of Ford. The so-called independents are in a precarious position and the prospects of the Chrysler Corporation are none too rosy. The employment outlook in automobiles worries many people, for it appears that the expanding employment opportunities that historically were present as this industry grew are now drying up. Continued expansion can be met by increased productivity rather than increased employment. It is not beyond speculation that output will increase by three to five per cent annually for the next decade while employment declines by a like per cent. For those who are dubious of such a prognostication, it should be remembered that in September, 1956, automobile industry employment was down 25 per cent from the figure at the beginning of the year. 275,000 Michigan workers were unemployed. In automobile centers such as Flint and Detroit unemployment was on the order of one man out of ten.

Employment in the automobile industry rose in October with the introduction of the new models. But there is a question in the minds of many young seniority workers—will everyone be called back to work? Will automobile employment regain the peak of 830,000 workers achieved at the end of last year? Or will the average employment in the automobile industry in 1957 be less than it was in 1955?

Change in the automobile industry has been publicized. Less has been said about other industries in which similar developments have taken place. Steel production and employment show trends remarkably similar to those of auto. Petroleum refining production has increased while employment declined steadily. There were 147,000

workers in petroleum in 1948; 142,000 in 1953; and 132,000 in 1955. The employment trends in the production of rubber tires and tubes is similar—96,000 workers in 1948; 93,000 in 1953; and 90,000 in 1955. The chemical industry has expanded output rapidly in the last seven years but employment has increased by less than five per cent.

Although the largest ripples may be emanating from Detroit, it is apparent from the table below that manufacturing as a whole is characterized today by relatively stable employment and increasing productivity.

Production Workers Employed in Manufacturing Industries		*Manhour Output in Manufacturing Industries* (1947—100%)
1947	12,975,000	100.0%
1949	11,597,000	108.6%
1951	13,155,000	117.5%
1953	13,833,000	122.7%
1955	13,061,000	135.0%

Source: U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics

It appears that further increases in output in manufacturing can be achieved by greater productivity rather than by greater employment. Figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Federal Reserve Board indicate that the traditional 2½ per cent annual rate of productivity increase has been doubled. Postwar years prior to 1954 show a 4 per cent annual increase while the last two complete years show a productivity increase in excess of 5 per cent.

A doubling of the increase in the annual rate of productivity in manufacturing makes it more difficult to maintain full employment. Other sectors of the economy must not only continue to provide expanding opportunities for employment but must grow at an accelerated rate to compensate for the lack of growth of employment opportunities in the manufacturing sector. To some degree present-day developments fit the economic growth concept advanced by the Australian economist Colin Clark.

Clark stated that as an economy matured, the bulk of the employment opportunities would shift respectively from the primary sector, agriculture and mining, to the secondary sector, manufacturing; and finally to the tertiary sector, services. The first shift, from primary to secondary, took place in the United States during the first half of this

century. Between 1910 and 1950, the percentage of farm workers and farm managers, to the total number of workers, fell from 30 to 12 per cent. Not only was there a striking percentage decrease in employment opportunities in agriculture but the actual number of workers in agriculture declined from 10,900,000 in 1910 to 6,700,000 in 1950.

Until 1950, the manufacturing sector of the economy had grown both in absolute number of job opportunities and as a percentage of total employment opportunities. However, as noted previously, we now see indications that our economy may be passing from the secondary to the tertiary phase. In 1953, the number of workers in manufacturing reached a high of 13¾ million. Since that date, although output in manufacturing has expanded considerably, employment in manufacturing has averaged almost a million less workers. During this same period, total employment has increased to an all-time high. If this trend continues, employment opportunities in manufacturing will decrease significantly as a percentage of total employment opportunities and possibly may not grow appreciably in terms of absolute number of jobs.

Recently, the Department of Labor published a chart showing the percentage of change in employment in each sector of our economy. Between 1953 and 1955, employment in mining dropped 12 per cent; in manufacturing it dropped 6 per cent, and in two nonmanufacturing sectors closely allied with manufacturing—transportation and public utilities—dropped 5 per cent and 3 per cent respectively. On the other hand, during the same period, employment in trade increased 2 per cent, services 3 per cent, government 5 per cent, and finance, insurance and real estate increased 8 per cent.

The trend appears to fit the theory advanced by Colin Clark, but it is important to note the many developments within each industrial sector and for that matter within each industry. Although the UAW is often thought of as the automobile workers' union, its jurisdiction, in addition to auto and agricultural implements, includes aircraft, which in recent years has replaced auto as the largest industry in the country. And occupations vary in significance as well as the rates of growth within industry.

Comparison of the 1910 and 1950 census data reveals that the largest growth by far in any major occupational group was the 116 per cent for clerical workers. However, the introduction of electronic

data processing equipment into offices probably means that no longer can clerical jobs be expected to take up any slack caused by the shrinkage of factory employment. In fact, some students of automation believe that the displacement of office workers will be more immediate and more extensive than the displacement occurrng in factories. These developments and others lead logically to the question: How extensive, of what nature, in what industries and in what geographical locations are the new jobs created by automation?

One management spokesman has said, "The hand trucker of today replaced by a conveyor belt might become tomorrow's electronics engineer. . . . Drill press operators replaced by automatic multiple drilling machines could be trained as future toolmakers." It is true that unemployed electronics engineers and toolmakers are scarce today and it is also true that many of the drill press operators and hand truckers have the potential and the desire to learn new occupations. But competent electronics engineers and toolmakers are not created overnight. An extensive training program is required before the semi-skilled worker can be qualified in his new occupation. Titles of new jobs that have appeared within UAW bargaining units within the last year include "Atomic Reactor Assembly Mechanic," "Electronic Data Processing Procedure Analyst," and "Missile Pre-Flight Electronic Checkout Mechanic." The job description for the "Electronic Data Processing Procedure Analyst" says that, among other tasks, he "prepares machine instructions for application to an integrated electronic data central processing unit consisting of an electrostatic memory, arithmetic-logical unit and related peripheral equipment."

Some of the jobs not only sound glamorous but require a high level of skill. But the number of these new jobs is far less than the number wiped out by automation; not only do employment figures support this statement but common sense says also that no management would install extremely expensive equipment without a commensurate savings in unit labor cost. Expansion of job opportunities in the service area may prove sufficient to maintain a high employment level, but transition from drill press operator or trucker to teacher, librarian, reaction director or technician requires in most cases a training program, income maintenance during training, and quite possibly geographical relocation of families.

Views on what to do about the employment, retraining, and other problems associated with automation vary greatly. Management representatives who coined the word "automation," and publicized it widely, now appear to regret the decision. University research people have found it difficult to get the cooperation of management in their efforts to obtain further information about the effect of automation on employment. Union efforts to develop programs designed to aid workers directly affected by automation frequently are disparaged by management. Management avoids the task of refuting union statements by labelling union spokesmen as prophets of gloom and doom and accusing unions of bucking technological progress.

I should make clear that the UAW has frequently and publicly stated its position on automation. The UAW and most other unions see in the introduction of much more efficient work methods a remarkable chance to increase living standards. The UAW believes, furthermore, that automation provides such great wealth that it would be socially irresponsible and morally unforgivable if some of this new abundance that automation makes possible is not devoted to the smoothing of the transition for the workers directly affected. Some groups in our country say that the UAW opposes automation and cite union efforts to minimize the disruption that may accompany the widespread installation of automation. To them one will reply that any intelligent person should be concerned with the socially undesirable by-products of rapid change. The program supported by the UAW is based on negotiations at the bargaining table. But it also includes measures which require federal action.

The need for the Guaranteed Annual Wage preceded the advent of automation, but automation made its achievement far more pressing than previously. The UAW was not able to negotiate a completely satisfactory plan at first but the basic ideas of the plan were preserved and the principles underlying the union demand were not sacrificed. Companies clearly recognized an obligation to contribute to the income of workers laid off for reasons beyond their control. A trust fund was established with jointly administered procedures to make sure that the contributions to the fund would be equitably disbursed. Although the level and duration of benefits are not what they should be in the eyes of the union, it is recognized that a sound foundation has been laid—monetary improvements will be made in coming nego-

tiations. Workers can now face the indignity of unemployment better because they will have an income of two-thirds their weekly take-home pay. The UAW recognizes that this measure does not solve the problem of unemployment or automation. It does, however, make unemployment more costly to the employer and thereby encourage him to plan his installation of automation equipment in a manner which will reduce the number and duration of layoffs.

The UAW believes that the present unemployment compensation laws are not only inadequate in benefit and duration, but that the entire concept is in need of modernization. In all states but one a man must be actively seeking work to qualify for benefits. In Michigan law, however, there is a provision which states that a man will not be disqualified for benefits if he enrolls in a state-approved institution of vocational retraining. If he does so he continues to receive his benefits for their normal duration and also may receive benefits for an additional eighteen weeks if his training extends over this period. Unfortunately, this excellent provision lies unused because of administrative roadblocks and the unwillingness of a Republican-dominated legislature to appropriate enough funds to allow more than a handful of workers to gain the necessary retraining they desire. In Detroit, an announcement that the program would become operative within a short period of time resulted in immediate inquiries by 4000 workers. Thousands of assemblers and production machine operators are unemployed in the Detroit area. Yet, at the same time, advertisements for draftsmen and other technicians appear daily in the local newspapers. In 1600 hours the average assembler with some high school background can be trained as a draftsman. The Michigan law provides benefits for a period sufficient to cover a training course of 1600 hours —40 hours a week for forty weeks. However, there is another barrier to such a retraining program. People think unemployment compensation benefits should not be granted for income maintenance purposes during a period when a person laid off from a job with little chance of finding work in his old occupation could be trained for a new one. With skill requirements in industry changing rapidly, a more enlightened view of the purpose of unemployment compensation is desperately needed. The UAW is pressing for the immediate start of a widespread retraining program. The permanently laid-off employees of Packard and other Detroit plants deserve the oppor-

tunity to acquire a new skill which will enable them to find new and more permanent jobs. The need for such a program is not confined to Detroit. It is sufficiently widespread to justify federal support and nationwide application.

Another aspect of the UAW program is its emphasis on preferential hiring rights for high seniority workers in the area and industry from which they are laid off. It should be kept in mind that when management lays off an older semi-skilled worker and at the same time hires young skilled workers it is keeping its training costs to a minimum but increasing the social cost to the community. The community educated the younger worker and now also must re-educate the older worker. By demanding preferential seniority, by coupling this with demands for retraining and by making it more expensive to cast workers aside and leave their care to the community, the union is doing its best to protect workers from inhuman treatment. In essence, take away management's financial incentive to discriminate and you will take away much of the discrimination.

Within the corporation the installation of automated machines, departments or even automated plants requires that the union "automate" the wage, classification and seniority structure. One machine may wipe out a department. If seniority does not extend beyond departmental limits, one can find workers with thirty years seniority being laid off while young men with a few months seniority across the aisle continue to work.

Job opportunities, when there are any, on the new automated equipment must be made available to the men displaced even though this requires extensive retraining. Pay scales on the automated equipment must be commensurate with the increased responsibility that is involved in controlling and tending these new giant automatic machines. Management often claims that an automated job differs from its predecessor only in that the quantity of product turned out is enormously increased. But quantitative changes of this nature cannot help but be qualitative in nature as well.

Although it is generally agreed that automated jobs are characterized by greater responsibility and although most people say that the new jobs are usually more skilled than the old ones, new classifications and higher wage rates do not come easily. In many cases the UAW is successful in gaining higher wages for the men assigned to

automated equipment, but this has required not only enough facts to support the rightness of the union position but sufficient militance and strength to convince the management that it would be wisest not to defend an illogical position simply through economic power. In one new stamping plant of a major automotive producer it took extended negotiations, a militant local union and an overwhelming strike vote to convince the management that the few men controlling press lines should receive a higher wage and a new classification.

I have already cited the need for federal assistance for retraining of workers laid off by a permanently closed supplier plant like Murray Body. Another point of attention is the union demand to increase the annual improvement factor, the automatic pay increase granted each year of the life of a collective bargaining contract entered in recognition of the worker's right to share the benefits of increased productivity. The greatly accelerated increase in productivity associated with automation must be reflected in greatly increased purchasing power if the economy is to be kept on an even keel. A third point concerns lower prices. The UAW has condemned the profiteering positions taken in the steel, auto, and food processing industries and at present is demanding investigations by Congress of the cost price relationship in those industries in which unit labor costs are dropping while prices are increasing. For the most part evidence has been introduced by these unions to show that the productivity gains in the plants in which these wage increases have been won have been on the average greater than the annual improvement factor wage increase. Regardless of one's views about the propriety of the immense profits piled up by the giant corporations, it must be recognized that at least it is possible to reduce prices considerably if views on what is reasonable profit were also reduced.

Finally in the consideration of a reduction of working hours we come to the most potent point in the trade union program to harness automation effectively. The drive for the shorter work-week is at the top of the UAW's 1958 collective bargaining agenda, and in the coming months specific demands will be formulated. One point is certain —if American industry utilizes automation within consciously limited markets with fewer people working fewer hours, the chaos it will create will spur the intensification of the demand for an immediate and dramatic shortening of hours. If, on the other hand, high em-

ployment levels are maintained and output expands steadily while automation is wisely and carefully introduced into the economy, the demand may turn out to be for the orderly reduction of hours on a gradual basis. If the choice is between the kind of leisure associated with unemployment and the kind that accompanies a much shorter work-week without a reduction in pay, the union choice has been made for it. If the choice is one of dividing additional advances in living standards between leisure and higher real wages, the division has yet to be worked out.

It is the hope of the UAW that social progress will match technological progress and that for the first time in modern history hours will be consciously reduced within a framework of full employment. Our technological progress has reached the point where we can produce more than enough for everyone in America and still be of considerable help to the less fortunate countries in the world. Yet our social and economic progress is sufficiently retarded that we look upon the leisure that can be ours with the jaundiced eye of the Puritan settler of three hundred years ago who believed that idleness was bad for the body, the mind and the soul. Leisure can be and must be productive. The world has long criticized American materialism. It would be fitting that a product of our industrialism—modern industrial unions—lead the fight for greater opportunities for spiritual, social, artistic, and intellectual expression in America by providing for greatly increased leisure time.

As the UAW formulates programs for early implementation through collective bargaining or political action, it, at the same time, is well aware that the longer-run implications of automation will have an effect on the membership and structure of the UAW as well as on society as a whole. Experience during the past twenty years has taught the union that the attainment of programs called visionary, unworkable and unreasonable by union critics, usually brings enlarged responsibilities and unforeseen consequences. The negotiation of pensions, for example, has meant that both the bargaining and social services of the UAW had to be enlarged. In 1947, the UAW had no social security department. Now, it has a large professionally staffed department that deals with the economic problems associated with pensions and sickness and accident insurance. This was to be expected but an unforeseen consequence of the pension program was the

expansion of the UAW recreation department to provide recreational and social services to retired workers. The UAW program in this sector is a large one, not because the UAW wanted to undertake it but because community facilities and programs were completely inadequate. The retired shop worker doesn't yearn for his old job but he does miss the shop camaraderie that played so large a part in his life. UAW-sponsored drop-in centers, education programs, picnics, and advisory services enable the retired worker to meet with fellow retirees and participate in useful and pleasant activities.

The negotiation of paid vacations and higher wages, not to mention the construction of an involved system of obtaining justice in the shop through grievance processing, has brought a steady increase in the attention that the UAW pays to education and recreation. The changes in society that will accompany the expanded use of automation will necessitate further union expansion in these and other fields. At the education institutes of the UAW in 1955, thousands of leaders of local unions discussed both the immediate problems and the long-run consequences of automation.

During discussion of the role of the union in solving these and other problems there was surprisingly little disagreement. Most of the participants felt that the task of the UAW was to join with other like-minded groups in the effort to expand community, state, and federally sponsored programs and facilities. There was little desire shown for the UAW to sponsor programs that could be handled by community agencies. However, there was general agreement that the UAW would be forced to undertake programs of its own to the degree and in the fields in which community action was not forthcoming.

The leadership and membership of the UAW are well aware of the changes in technology that are presently taking place. To most UAW members and leaders the problems appear large, but the successful manner in which equally large problems have been handled in the past decade gives them confidence that the promise of the future can be realized.

A STORY

Been Good to Know You

By WILMA SHORE

Her name was Agnes, Agnes Deere. Of course, everybody made a joke out of it. Whenever she walked into Murphy's the bartender said, "Here comes Agnes, dear!" If people didn't kid her about it she kidded it herself. "My name is Agnes Deere. You can call me Agnes, dear." It got a laugh, though God knows it wasn't much of a joke. Maybe it was the way she said it.

She was always kidding herself; for being single at thirty-two, for having such a long neck and such high color; for throwing salt over her shoulder when it was spilled. She kidded about everything. At work, when she went to the water cooler, that was when everybody got thirsty; they knew they would have a laugh with their cup of water. At lunch in the cafeteria, whichever table she sat at was always crowded.

Even Frank, her friend Mary Rose's husband, who didn't like her at first, didn't even want her at their wedding, got so he was always glad to see her. She went there every Sunday around noon, with some little things for the kids, or a house plant for Mary Rose. "Here's the star boarder!" she would call. "Here's the girl who came to dinner!" The kids would come running: "Hi, Agnes dear!" They thought that was her name. Frank would pretend to be sore. "You here *again*?" he would say.

Frank had been afraid she would be a bad influence on Mary Rose, but as time went by he could see she wasn't out to influence anybody; the way she felt, if Mary Rose wanted to get married and tied down to one man, that was her own affair. She never told people

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how to live; even her mother, although she thought it was terrible the way her mother went on telling the same lie year after year. She was only fooling herself, the whole neighborhood knew her husband had walked out on her; still it was always, the year I broke up with your father, or, the time I left my husband. . . .

But Agnes kept her mouth closed; and so did her mother. She knew Agnes would just stop seeing her if she didn't mind her own business. It left them without much to talk about. Agnes went uptown to her mother's place maybe once a month, and on Christmas. They would discuss the weather or their jobs or their health. Then at nine o'clock sharp Agnes would say, "Well, better be running along, big day tomorrow," and leave fast, so there wouldn't be that sticky moment at the door when they wanted to say something more to each other and there was nothing more they could say. When she got downtown she would always stop off at Jim's Bar and Grill; it was the nearest to the subway station.

Still, she wasn't a drinker. She spent most of her evenings in her room, by herself. She would fix a little supper on the hot plate; then she would wash and mend her clothes, or manicure her nails. Sometimes she brought home a magazine; other nights she would listen to the radio. She liked dance music, or a good comic. Outside of the days she visited her mother, the only time she went to a bar was an occasional Saturday night. Because she could sleep Sunday morning, and Saturday night it was easier to meet people, easier to meet men, and that was what she went for, not the booze.

Mary Rose had tried to marry her off. She told Mary Rose she liked it single, if she wanted to get married she could, and that was true, she had had enough offers. But Mary Rose kept right on; every Sunday there would be some friend of Frank's standing around awkwardly, as if he had borrowed someone else's hands and feet. Until finally one time the man was the kind she liked, sort of heavy-set and good-humored, and she let Mary Rose and Frank fix it for him to see her home, and she took him upstairs and kept him all night. Then in the morning when he said, how about next week, she gave him the brush. "All tied up," she said. "So long, been good to know you," and when he said well, what about week after next, she said she was leaving town, her wealthy uncle in Minnesota had just died and she was going out there to take charge of his silver mine.

Maybe he went back and told Frank; anyhow, that was the last bachelor she ever ran into at their house. She hadn't planned it like that; that was the way she always did. She just wasn't the type to sit by the phone, like the girls at the office; they spent their lives waiting for some man to call, to take them out, to marry them; and then when they got married they thought they had it made, they thought they were fixed; but Agnes knew better. Hadn't she seen what happened to her mother? As long as a man had legs, he could walk out on you. If anybody was going to say goodbye, she wanted to be the one.

She was great the way she was; she had a steady job, money in the bank, a new outfit each season and two weeks vacation every summer. She got all the sociability she wanted right on the job, and once a month was enough romance. She didn't need anything else. She didn't need Arthur, that was for sure.

He wasn't even her type; pale and scrawny, no sense of humor, and worst of all, having wife trouble. That was one kind she always ducked, the minute she spotted them. Arthur was a cinch to spot. "Women are crazy," he kept saying to the bartender. "Who do they think they are?" But there was no one better around, and she figured she would just mark time with him until something else developed. He only talked to her while the bartender was busy; the minute the bartender came back he turned away. "Live with you seven and a half years and then kick you out at a moment's notice!" he said. "Is that crazy or isn't it?"

It was a cold, snowy night and he had no place to sleep. At eleven, when nobody else seemed likely to show up, she took him home. He didn't particularly want to go, he wanted to keep on talking to the bartender, but when she took him by the arm he slid off the stool and came with her. He didn't even know her name. "Agnes, dear," she said; he didn't even laugh. He went with her as though she were a bellboy, following her silently upstairs, standing behind her while she unlocked the door. He didn't notice how nice she had fixed up her place; just walked over to the closet and hung up his hat and coat, and then took off his suit and hung it up too. He felt the bed with his hand before he got into it, then he lay there without moving; she felt she ought to close his eyes, like those of a corpse. But when she came to bed he turned toward her, put his arm across her shoulder

and his face against hers, between her face and the pillow. It was as if he were hiding from the night.

In the morning she made him coffee and toast; she always did. "Compliments of the management," she always said. He didn't thank her but he helped with the dishes, drying them carefully and trying to find the right place to put them. Then he finished dressing. When he had pulled on his overcoat he looked around for his hat. She put it into his hand. At the door he turned to look at her as if he were trying to remember who she was. "Well, goodbye," he said. And then, "Thanks for the coffee."

"What about the toast?" she said, kidding.

"Oh, the toast." He buttoned his overcoat. Then he remembered her again. "Thanks for the toast."

"Where you going?" she said.

He looked surprised. "Home."

"Your wife say you could?"

He put his lips together, whether with determination or to keep them from trembling she could not tell. "We're married seven and a half years."

"That's your hard luck," she said. He opened the door and went out.

She was always glad when they left without a fight. That was how she liked it; easy come, easy go. She could hear him start downstairs. She ran over to the door and opened it; the top of his hat was just disappearing. "Well, if you don't make out, come back," she called.

His voice drifted back. "All right." It was very faint, as if he were all the way downstairs.

She gave the room a good cleaning; then she bathed and dressed and went over to Mary Rose's. She brought some comics for the kids and a quart of pistachio ice cream, pistachio was Frank's favorite. "Here's the star boarder!" she said, but she was very quiet during dinner. "What's eating you?" said Mary Rose.

"Not a thing in the world," she said, but she was thinking about Arthur, wondering why she had asked him back, him of all men, such a little shrimp, and not even interested. Of course it didn't really mat-

ter; she wouldn't ever see him again. After dinner she read the comics to the kids, laughing with them at the jokes; then she went home. When she turned the corner she noticed a man sitting on her stoop. It was Arthur.

His face was white from the cold. "Well," she said, "I guess you didn't make out."

"That woman's heart is like a rock!" he said. He sounded surprised and hurt.

He followed her upstairs and stood waiting till she opened her door. "Did you have dinner?" she said, but he was hanging up his coat and hat and didn't answer. She took out a can of lobster meat that she had been saving. First she thought to make a salad, but it was so cold, he must have been waiting an hour out in the cold. She heated the lobster in white sauce. It was years since she had made a white sauce. What's going on? she thought. What's with you, Agnes?

He ate it as if it were sawdust. She sat and watched him, getting madder and madder; and then when she was all finished she realized she hadn't tasted it either. A good can of lobster wasted. She put down her napkin and stood up. "All right," she said, "You had your dinner, now run along. What do you think this is, a hotel?"

He got up and crossed over to the closet. When he began buttoning his coat she went and stood in front of the door. "Where's your sense of humor?" she said. "Can't you take a joke?"

She washed the dishes and he dried. By now he knew where almost everything went.

She didn't let on to anybody that he was staying with her. There was a kind of shame in it; after all those years, all the jokes, the arguments. She hurried home from work to let him in, so he wouldn't be waiting out on the stoop for everyone to see. But he just seemed to take it as the most natural thing in the world. He never even thanked her, although he paid for his food. All he talked about was when his wife would take him back. "She's got nothing against me," he said. "I'm a good man. So I don't make a lot of money with the post office, but it's steady. It's dignified."

That Sunday she didn't go to Mary Rose's. They sat around reading the paper and listening to the radio. At three o'clock he put on his shoes. "Going somewhere?" she asked.

"Home!" he said, impatiently.

At seven he was back. They had soup and hot dogs for dinner. "She didn't want to let me in," he said. "She didn't even offer me a cup of tea. A lousy cup of tea! Who does she think she is?"

Monday Mary Rose called her at work. "You all right? We were worried maybe you were sick. I nearly ran over only Frank went bowling and I had to stay with the kids."

"An old battleaxe like me?" said Agnes. "Takes a lot to make me sick."

"Well, why didn't you come, then? Or call, anyhow?"

"I had to work," said Agnes. "We're up to our ears. I might have to work next weekend too."

"Since when—?" began Mary Rose, but Agnes cut her off. "Can't talk now. Call you later in the week. Love to Frank and the kids." And she hung up and went back to her desk. What if Mary Rose had come busting in? Wouldn't she have looked foolish, after turning thumbs down on Mary Rose's men? And some of them weren't so bad, compared to Arthur; at least they could get off a wisecrack now and then, at least they had a little meat on them. . . .

It was funny how quickly she got used to having him around. Maybe because he was so neat. There was another toothbrush in the glass, and she had moved the books and the vase of straw flowers off the table so there was room for them both to eat; otherwise there wasn't the least change in the way the place looked. Or maybe it was because he always did everything the same way, always sat on the same part of the bed to put on his shoes, folded the dish towel the same way, took the same length of time to brush his teeth. That way everything got to be a habit right away. At night when they came home together he always followed her silently up the stairs and stood just behind her elbow while she unlocked the door, always hung up his clothes in the closet while she closed the door, and put his shoes side by side on the floor of the closet; always went in to bathe while she ironed his shirt. He had bought a second shirt, so she could wash one and iron the other every night. After he let out his bath water he would run some for her. When she came out of the bathroom he was always in bed, with the window open and the top light off. She would set the clock and turn out the lamp. He always fussed a little with the

blankets, fixing them the way he liked; then he would turn toward her and lay his arm across her shoulders.

Once she woke suddenly, and at the feel of his face, his arm, his bony knees, she started in surprise, thinking, what in God's name? His arm slid off but he did not wake; after a moment he put it back. She lay in the blackness, listening to his quiet, steady breathing; it's only Arthur, she thought, and she went back to sleep.

The next Sunday she took the precaution of phoning Mary Rose from the corner. "Stuck at the office again, honey," she said. "Don't call back, the switchboard's closed. Kiss the kids for me, and Frank too, if you're not jealous." And she bought a little roasted chicken for their Sunday dinner, and a pint of ice cream.

After dinner they listened to the radio; then he went again to see his wife. The room felt empty without him, but she didn't mind; she liked it. Maybe this time he wouldn't even come back. He had taken along his extra shirt, just in case; there would be nothing to do but throw away his toothbrush. Then it would be as though he had never been there at all.

He got back after dark, hung up his clothes and put his shirt in the sink for her to wash. "She gave me a nice cup of tea," he said. "We talked for over an hour, by the clock. She's going to think about taking me back."

"That's very decent," said Agnes. "Most places won't take something back after two weeks. Even with the sales slip."

"What sales slip?" he said.

Then suddenly it was Sunday again, sooner than she expected, and she got frightened. Three weeks, and he was still there. "You'll make it this time," she said. "Plead with her. Get down on your knees."

"I always do," he said.

"Well, stay down longer," she said.

"I'll tell her I'm going to kill myself," he said, knotting his tie. "I'll tell her I'm going to jump out of the window. At the post office. I'm on the seventh floor."

"That should do it," she said. "Either way."

"What do you mean?" he said.

She turned away. "I'm just kidding." Half a man, he wasn't even half a man. She knew men who could break him in half like a tooth pick, blow him over with a sneeze. She stood and watched him go. The door closed behind him like behind nothing, she could hardly hear his feet on the stairs. She got out her blue dress and began mending a rip under the arm. Take him, she thought to the other woman. Keep him. Be my guest.

When she finished her mending she went out. The city was closed up for Sunday, the sidewalks clean and empty, swept by the wind. She walked fast, going nowhere, just walking. As she passed a barber shop she looked in at the clock but it was only half past three. What's the matter? she thought. You worried he won't come back?

She had to laugh, right in the street. Worried about him? She wasn't the type. Some women spent their lives waiting for some man; waiting for him to come home, waiting for him to leave. But she had always been different; ever since she was a little girl. She could remember the afternoon it began. She was nine; her brother Henry was fifteen. Henry was shaving and she was watching. He had just started shaving and he was very superior about it. She said, "Did Daddy used to squeeze his face like that when he shaved?" Henry didn't even stop to answer, just grunted, and it hurt her feelings. "I'm going to marry a man that shaves with his face plain," she said, but Henry didn't seem to be listening. "If I marry a man and he makes silly faces when he shaves I'm going to leave him. Like we left Daddy."

Henry put down the razor and turned. His face was striped with lather, half white, half pink, like a clown, but she could see the anger underneath. "What are you, crazy or something?" he said. "We didn't leave him, he left us."

How did she know right away that it was true? She was sitting on the edge of the bathtub; she lost her balance and slipped and hit her head on the sink. It raised a bump as big as a walnut. Her mother tried to put a cold compress on it, but she screamed and kicked and wouldn't let her.

A horn blew; a car passed, six inches away. "Why don't you open your eyes, lady?" shouted the driver.

"Why don't you shut your mouth?" she called back. But she was trembling. She looked at the street sign; she had come all the way to First Avenue and Fiftieth Street without noticing.

She turned back. It was years since she had thought about that time in the bathroom. Ten years, twenty years. She was tired but she walked fast. I didn't kick him out, she thought. I wouldn't kid myself. If he doesn't come back, he left me.

When she turned her corner she looked down the street; there was no one on her stoop.

She went upstairs and opened her door; the room was empty. Naturally; how could he get in without a key? Anyhow, it was only five o'clock, not even dark outside. She changed into her housedress and began cleaning the closet. She laid everything out on the bed, clothes, boxes, everything; then she washed down the walls and the shelves, she brushed out the shoe bag and wiped the shoes and put it all away again. Then it was dark. She went into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. It was seven-thirty. She heated herself some soup. Maybe he's just late, she thought. She washed her soup dish and put the rest of the soup out on the window sill; then she sat down and listened to the radio.

At the ten o'clock time signal she knew he was not coming back; she turned off the radio and stood breathing very loud in the silent room and listening to her thoughts, her feelings, but there was nothing. She went into the bathroom and took his toothbrush out of the glass, stood holding it, all that was left of him, running her finger back and forth across the bristles; and there was nothing at all, not even the faintest echo of feeling. He had been nothing, not even half a man, nothing but a toothbrush and an extra shirt and a collection of habits, miserable, dull little habits that she didn't even like or dislike; things that he did or that they did together without thinking, simply because they had done them once before. That was why she had let him stay; because she knew in her heart that he could leave and she would hardly even notice.

And suddenly she felt light, as if she had just put down a heavy package; she felt good, she felt gay. She felt like celebrating. She set the books and the straw flowers back on the table. Then she took a nice hot bath and rubbed herself with cologne and put on her good black dress and her good black hat, and earrings and a bracelet. She ran down the stairs in her high heels, her bracelet jingling, and let the front door slam behind her.

The bartender at Murphy's gave her a big hello. "Why, it's Agnes, dear! Long time no see!"

"Long time no come around!" she said. "Long time no fun!" And the man on the next stool turned and looked at her.

Everything was right, the drink, the feeling at the bar, the man next to her; he had a bright eye and a quick smile and a big loud laugh. When they slid off their stools and went out she could feel his fingers pressing into her arm; she laughed and he laughed too and a man in the street turned to look at them; he must have thought they were drunk. At her stoop he leaned ahead of her and pulled open the downstairs door and he came up the stairs at her side, step for step, his arm around her waist. At her landing he took away the key and unlocked her door and closed it behind her. Then he looked around. "Oh, cosy, very cosy!"

"Quiet!" she said. He had such a big voice, the man in the next room would hear.

"I'll watch it, honey," he said in a whisper, and he began to undress, dropping his clothes on the floor. She stood and watched him. Suddenly he looked at her. "What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing," she said, but she knew it wasn't true. She raised her arms and took off her hat but then she just stood there holding it while he slid his feet out of his shoes and left them standing empty and pigeon-toed. "Why don't you put away your clothes?" she said, and he turned, surprised; she was surprised too, her voice was so loud with anger. "Son of a bitch!" she whispered, "Dirty son of a bitch!" and after a moment he got dressed again and went away, he thought she meant him and it wasn't worth the trouble to explain who she meant, or why, she could barely wait till he got out the door to start crying. It was so many years since she had cried, she had forgotten how it felt; it looked so easy when a movie star cried, or her mother, or Mary Rose, but it was terrible, terrible, it hurt. It hurt terribly.

Heinrich Heine

By HARRY STEINHAUER

THIS YEAR marks the centennial of Heine's death. The memorials and celebrations that might have been expected on such an occasion have been rather conspicuously subdued. The New York *Times*, it is said, almost forgot the event and had to be reminded of it. An American scholar who has translated some hundred poems of Heine into English verse for the centennial has been unable to find a publisher for his book, although the translations are good. Fifty years ago, when Heine was Germany's chief intellectual export, things would have been different. Is this apathy part of our general indifference to poetry or is it that Heine no longer has anything to say to us?

Elsewhere Heine seems to have fared no better. An anecdote from Israel throws a macabre light on his fate. Speaking of his own conversion to Christianity, Heine wrote that the Jews were so incensed at his apostasy that they refused to allow him the name of Jew. The Christians, he added, were more Christian; they still called him a Jew. His witticism was prophetic. The city of Tel Aviv this year rejected a proposal that Heine should be honored by having a street named after him, on the grounds that a city ordinance expressly forbids naming a street after a renegade Jew. On the other hand, the anti-Semitic branch of German scholarship has never forgotten that Heine was a Jew who dared to criticize Germany. As late as 1939 an eminent German scholar undertook to "prove" that "The Silesian Weavers," which is one of the most powerful social poems in world literature, is a bad poem.

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Faced with this situation one is impelled to ask: will the second century after Heine use the poet as badly as the first has done? Or has he enough to say to us that we may hope for a readjustment of perspectives so that we may approach him with less ideological bias or *parti pris*?

I

Born in 1797 of Jewish parents, Heine grew up in the Rhineland during the Napoleonic period in the free atmosphere which the French had brought with them when they crossed the Rhine. He was a university student when the Metternich reaction set in, stifling freedom of thought, persecuting intellectuals with special zeal. Romanticism was still the predominant intellectual current, and German romanticism was a conservative force in its political and social outlook, opposing the "unhistorical" radical character of the eighteenth-century liberalism which culminated in the American and French revolutions. But there were liberal forces at work in Germany too. Schleiermacher, the theologian of romanticism, preached a liberal Christianity which had its roots in the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. Hegel was a Janus face: by intent a conservative defender of the *status quo*, he was sowing the seeds of a most revolutionary philosophy of history, which was to have a powerful influence on the course of Europe's subsequent development. Students in large numbers were agitating for liberal reform; the *Burschenschaften* had sprung up in the German universities and were centers of conspiracy for a united Germany under a liberal constitution.

Heine was a member of the local *Burschenschaft* at Göttingen and was "investigated" by the political police along with other members of the organization. He was also a student of Hegel's at Berlin and stood in some sort of personal relationship to the great man. In later years he burned the manuscript of a book on Hegel. His early writings, which were purely literary in character, were in the tradition of German romanticism. They sang of the sorrows of love, which were supplied by his sister-cousins Amalie and Therese, the daughters of his millionaire Uncle Solomon of Hamburg, on whose financial support Heine depended throughout his life.

Gradually the political note crept into Heine's prose writings. The *Journey Through the Harz Mountains* was mangled by the polit-

ical censor when it appeared in 1826, although the modern reader would find it difficult to guess just what the censor found in it that was offensive. The outbreak of revolution in Paris in 1830 stirred Heine to wild enthusiasm. Except for a measure of literary prominence which was already his to enjoy, his life had been a failure and his frame of mind was one of utter dejection. He decided to join the many German intellectuals who were leaving Germany. In May 1831 he moved to Paris where he lived until his death.

His life in France was divided between journalism and belles-lettres. He sent back to Germany periodic reports on French life and art, and to the French he interpreted the German scene. His early years in Paris seem to have been happy enough. He had access to the best intellectual society in the intellectual capital of the world—and on a footing of equality. He had a steady income, though never enough to meet the extravagant tastes of the Parisian grisette with whom he lived and who later became his wife. He was not yet involved in the bitter strife of the following years; his health, though delicate, was still tolerable. But political reaction in Germany grew worse throughout the '30's; and conditions in France too were unsatisfactory under the regime of Louis Philippe. There were perpetual battles with the German censor, quarrels with his publisher Campe, verbal exchanges with the jealous, neurotic, fanatical liberal exiles, increasing financial troubles, and a steady deterioration in his physical condition. It was his health which was his greatest trial. From 1848 until his death seven years later, Heine was unable to leave his "mattress grave." He was paralyzed and in constant pain. He had to lift his eyelids with a finger in order to see. He had shrunk to a skeleton and referred to himself as a dead man.

During these last eight years Heine's genius blossomed and grew into an artistic maturity he had never known in his robust days. His interest in politics was gone. The last years of his tortured life were devoted to pure literature and to the writing of his memoirs, which never saw the light, thanks to the efforts of his relatives. These years produced the marvellous harvest of poetry contained in the *Romanzero* (1851), the *Last Poems* (1853) and the poems published posthumously. He died on February 17, 1856 and was buried in the Père Lachaise cemetery in Montmartre.

II

Any appraisal of Heine must, alas, begin with the problem of his character. Only a few years ago the Swiss historian of literature, Emil Ermatinger, devoted the whole section on Heine in his book *German Writers* to a discussion of the poet's moral depravity. And every student of the Heine literature knows that this attitude is typical rather than exceptional. "Talent but no character" is the formula that comes to mind, a formula which Heine himself endorsed even as he ridiculed it. His rival Ludwig Börne, that virtuous republican, first saddled the wayward, pleasure-loving Heine with this taunt and Heine turned the phrase against his detractors by pointing out that they had character but no talent. True artists, he wrote, present themselves to the world in the brilliance of their work and we are especially dazzled by its rays when we see them from a distance. They are like glow worms, which glitter so brightly at night that we mistake them for stars of the earth. Yet by day we see them for what they are: poor, discolored worms, wretchedly crawling on the ground, repulsive to the sight, too pitiful even to be trodden under foot.

When Heine himself admits his moral weakness (and he admitted it in public more than once during his lifetime), it would be idle to whitewash him. The blotches stand out too glaringly to be disregarded: his mercenary conversion to Christianity, his obsequiousness before the forces he hated most deeply in the hope of advancing his personal fortunes, his dirty assaults on his enemies—what can one say in extenuation of such caddishness? That there was ample provocation for it? No provocation justifies what Heine wrote about Platen or Börne or even about Menzel the informer. The fact is that Heine, along with some other great men, possessed the happy capacity for admitting his defects and then promptly forgetting about them. Moreover, he had a phenomenal gift for deceiving himself about his true character. He could look back on his life, which was marred by a series of arid, ugly polemics against all who in any way crossed his path, and say about himself: "I, who always allowed the most foolish talk to pass over my head without paying the least attention to it." He had written devastatingly and wittily against the Roman Catholic Church; yet he could say with a straight face: "I have a right to boast that I never fought the dogma or cult of the Roman Catholic Church

with the weapons of wit and mockery." One can only conclude that, like Wagner, Heine was so self-centered that he always saw himself as perfectly justified in whatever role he was playing, however nefarious that role might be. "Our basic weakness," he wrote at the close of his life, "is that we always wish to appear other than we really are before the eyes of the world." But his own case was more extreme than this. We see here a self-deception so gross as to be really disingenuous. We are reminded of the portrait of Cardinal Manning which Lytton Strachey etched in acid. Manning had for years persecuted the saintly Newman with wanton cruelty. But after Newman's death, Strachey reports, he remarked to a friend in a moment of genial expansion: "Poor Newman. He was a great hater." There's the true Heine touch.

But when we have conceded this much we must add that, if Heine was not as noble as he thought he was, he was not nearly as vile as his detractors love to portray him. Take his supposed disloyalty to the liberalism he championed. True, he was not as courageous as his fellow-soldiers in the war of liberation for humanity, who stayed at home and faced imprisonment for their ideas. But he did fight for liberal ideals when it would have been to his material advantage to become a Menzel or to profit by Metternich's fondness for *The Book of Songs*. We should bear this in mind before we throw stones at him for accepting a pension from the French government. Besides he had the courage to turn on the liberals in his immediate environment when he felt that they too deserved a drubbing. He was ready to demolish stupidity from the left as effectively and as wittily as assininity from the right. A donkey was a donkey to him, whatever political and social convictions he might profess. And it is a fact that, in spite of his momentary genuflections before established order, his "daemon" always brought him back to a consciousness of his true mission in life, which was to be a tambour in the army of progress.

And as he stood halfway between nobility and baseness, so he was on the continuum between love and hate. True, he was a good hater, but he could also love and love intensely. He was always ready to forgive his enemies, he assured us, as soon as they had been hanged. The jest carries an earnest with it. In his essay on *Don Quixote* he praised the illustrator Chodowiecki for his true understanding of Cervantes' spirit, and added: "This made me very happy both for his sake and Cervantes'. For it is always pleasant to find that two of my friends

love each other, as I am always glad to find two of my enemies attacking one another." This is really a very acute summing up of a complex situation. For one feels that there is work here for the psychoanalyst: inferiority feeling, timidity, extreme sensitiveness expressing itself as violent aggression.

III

Every student of Heine remembers the passage in the sixth chapter of *Germany, A Winter Fairy Tale* in which the poet describes the lictor with the gleaming hatchet who follows him everywhere, ready to turn his thoughts into actions.

Ich bin dein Liktor, und ich geh
Beständig mit dem blanken
Richtbeile hinter dir—ich bin
Die Tat von deinem Gedanken.

(I am your lictor, and I constantly walk behind you with the gleaming executioner's hatchet—I am the deed of your thought.)

In a later chapter of the same poem he issues a warning to the King of Prussia to beware of persecuting poets.

Beleidge lebendige Dichter nicht,
Sie haben Flammen und Waffen,
Die furchtbarer sind als Jovis Blitz,
Den ja der Poet erschaffen.

Beleidge die Götter, die alten und neun,
Des ganzen Olymps Gelichter,
Und den höchsten Jehovah obendrein—
Beleidge nur nicht den Dichter!

* * *

Kennst du die Hölle des Dante nicht,
Die schrecklichen Terzetten?
Wen da der Dichter hineingesperrt,
Den kann kein Gott mehr retten—

Kein Gott, kein Heiland erlöst ihn je
Aus diesen singenden Flammen!
Nimm dich in acht, dass wir dich nicht
Zu solcher Hölle verdammen.

(Do not insult living poets. They have flames and weapons which are more fearful than Jove's lightning, which of course is a creation of

the poet. You may insult the gods, the old and the new, the whole host of Olympus, and the Highest Jehovah too, but do not insult the poet. . . . Do you not know of Dante's Hell, his terrible tercets? Anyone whom the poet has locked up in them cannot be rescued even by a god. No god, no savior will ever save him from these singing flames. Beware lest we condemn you to such a Hell.)

Heine shared with the whole nineteenth century a belief in the power of the word, the right word. He took himself seriously as a political and social thinker, and would have been puzzled by the opinion that prevails in aesthetic circles today: that a poet purveys some special brand of truth, which must be judged by special standards, not by those we apply to the philosopher's, historian's or natural scientist's truth. He wrote copiously in the fields of politics, history, philosophy and religion, in verse as well as in prose; and he would have agreed that his thought must stand the test of logic, psychological truth, congruence with the facts of life. His writings in these areas reveal a keen intelligence and a subtle mind that is alive to the labyrinthine twistings of the will to power as it moves toward its goal. We should not be misled by the charges of superficiality that have been leveled against his journalistic efforts. His analysis of political and social conditions in the Europe of his day is acute in detail, though he erred in some of his generalizations. He was no De Tocqueville; but the grasp he shows of the currents and implications of human behavior in the race for power is impressive.

Heine was a liberal and a democrat all his life. He hated all aristocracies of privilege, whether that privilege was conferred by blood or wealth. But he was not a republican like Börne; constitutional monarchy was perfectly acceptable to him as a form of government. For he saw that the social problem was far more important than the political; and so he sought reform in the economic and social sphere, although one need not look for original thinking or for specific, precise proposals in this area. He was for leveling up, not down. "We want to be no sans-culottes, no frugal citizens, no cheap presidents; we are founding a democracy of gods, all equally glorious, equally holy, equally blessed."

It would be slightly absurd to labor the thesis that the author of "The Silesian Weavers" had a strong passion for social justice. And yet we find this same tribune of the people spurning the "stinking

masses" (the expression is his) in a tone that makes the modern reader's flesh creep. The apologists for Heine have sought to explain this inconsistency in his attitude as if it were an idiosyncrasy peculiar to him. But one might almost say that this paradox is a part of the liberal humanist tradition; certainly one meets it repeatedly in the great thinkers from Socrates to Bernard Shaw. The democratic faith of these men—the word "democratic" is of course used in a rather loose sense here—has always been checked by an aristocratic shrinking from the logical implications of the democratic idea: the elevation of the inferior mass-man to a status of equality with the superior few. It was this realistic appraisal of mass mentality and the conclusions he drew from it that earned Bernard Shaw the epithet of fascist and which drove so many disillusioned liberals into the arms of old or new conservatism. Heine saw this dilemma of the liberal position and wrote about it repeatedly: in *Atta Troll*, in individual poems like "The Rats," in the *Confessions* and elsewhere. He had no solution for the paradox; but he did not retreat from his liberal faith; he went on championing the rights of the masses, insisting, however, that before "the people" be allowed to run society they be washed and perfumed both physically and culturally. Living before the age of the I.Q., he was naive enough to believe that the people could be elevated through education to a state of intelligence, culture and ethical idealism so that the dangers of mass barbarization might be avoided. We are thoroughly disillusioned on this score. But if Heine's position was wrong, it was not an inconsistent one.

As an interpreter of German thought Heine has been accused of superficiality. Goedeke charged him with the sin of treating serious subjects without mastering them and covering over his ignorance by the diversionary tactic of executing witty capers. Now if there is anything in Heine that seems to merit this censure, it is his treatment of Hegel. And yet Heine had a deeper understanding of the basic contribution that Hegel made to European thought than many scholars who had a detailed knowledge of the Hegelian system. For he saw that even more revolutionary than the dialectic was the vision of the Absolute Reason toward which the universe was inevitably moving. In this conception Hegel offered mankind a new god, an emergent deity which was man himself as he was evolving through the dialectical process. This put Western humanism on a new basis: from now

on man's goal was not merely to develop his individuality to its full capacity, as it was still conceived in the eighteenth century, but to make himself into a proud god. At the end of his life, when Heine returned to a traditional theistic religion, he rightly saw in Hegel the serpent which had tempted him. A similar power of going to the heart of the matter is revealed in his treatment of other thinkers: Luther, Spinoza, Kant. It is debatable whether Heine picked out the most important aspects of the Kantian system in his essay *On Religion and Philosophy in Germany*. But when we remember that he was concerned with assessing the impact that German thinkers had made on cultured opinion, his interpretations make more sense than if he had launched into a discussion of Kant's Copernican revolution.

It is, however, in an entirely different sense that Heine may be regarded as a "thinker." He is a major prophet of that lay religion which has been a central force in German thought since the eighteenth century and which has radiated from Germany to the rest of the Western world. Most of us know it under the harmless name of German Hellenism and associate it with the antiquarian preoccupation of cloistered scholars or the dream of poets. But this Hellenic movement, whose definitive history still remains to be written, has been one of the main currents in the floodstream away from Christian influence in our civilization.

Only the barest outlines of this neopagan religion can be sketched in here. From Winckelmann on, many German thinkers have tended to associate Christianity (in its essence at least) with other-worldliness, asceticism, puritanical repression, and to see it as a way of life that is hostile to life. By contrast the new paganism affirms life on this earth in all its manifestations. We know of this conflict through the writings of Nietzsche, from whom it has passed into the non-German world through writers like Dimitri Merejkowski, D. H. Lawrence, André Gide, Eugene O'Neill, the early Aldous Huxley and others. But this religion is much older than Nietzsche. Goethe and Schiller, Friedrich Schlegel, Hölderlin did much to give it both substance and form, and Heine breathed his own spirit into it and thus became one of its principal carriers.

Heine returns repeatedly to his beloved antithesis Hellenism-Hebraism (or Nazarenism or barbarism). To the tradition which is steadily taking shape he adds elements of his own: pantheism, eco-

nomic and social democracy, certain doctrines from the Saint-Simonian religion which was in its heyday during Heine's early years in Paris. The factors which he stresses above all in the new paganism are the rehabilitation of matter, that is the removal of the sense of guilt that has been burned into us by two millenia of Christian-Judean asceticism, the mission of bringing the new gospel to all men. And like a good Hegelian, he seeks a synthesis between the two ways of life.

With that uncanny skill that was his alone, Heine embodied his whole religion in two short poems of his middle years. The first: "On this Rock" is a marvellously clear, terse statement of the central doctrine, containing all the principal features of the new creed.

Auf diesem Felsen bauen wir
Die Kirche von dem dritten,
Dem dritten neuen Testament.
Das Leid ist ausgelitten.

Vernichtet ist das Zweierlei,
Das uns so lang betöret;
Die dumme Leiberquälerei
Hat endlich aufgehöret.

Hörst du den Gott im finstern Meer?
Mit tausend Stimmen spricht er.
Und siehst du über unserm Haupt
Die tausend Gotteslichter?

Der heilge Gott, der ist im Licht
Wie in den Finsternissen;
Und Gott ist alles, was da ist;
Er ist in unsern Küssen.

(On this rock we build the Church of the Third New Testament. Our suffering is at an end. Ended is the dualism which has so long beguiled us; the stupid torturing of our bodies has finally ceased. Do you hear the God in the dark sea? He speaks with a thousand voices. And do you see above our heads the thousand divine lights? The sacred God is in the light as well as in the darkness. And God is all that is. He is in our kisses.)

The other poem "Psyche" deals with one aspect of the subject only: with the sense of guilt concerning sex which Christian asceticism has bred in us. The poem also demonstrates Heine's extraordinary power of breathing new life into an old myth.

In der Hand die kleine Lampe,
In der Brust die grosse Glut,
Schleichet Psyche zu dem Lager,
Wo der holde Schläfer ruht.

Sie errötet und sie zittert,
Wie sie seine Schönheit sieht—
Der enthüllte Gott der Liebe
Er erwacht und er entflieht.

Achtzehnhundertjährge Busse!
Und die Aermste stirbt beinah!
Psyche fastet und kasteit sich,
Weil sie Amorn nackend sah.

(In her hand the little lamp, in her breast the great fire, Psyche steals to the couch on which the lovely sleeper rests. She blushes and she trembles as she sees his beauty. The uncovered god of love awakes and flees. Eighteen hundred years of repentance! And the poor creature nearly dies from it. Psyche fasts and chastises herself because she saw Amor naked.) Anyone looking for a commentary on this lyric will find it in Eugene O'Neill's tragedy *The Great God Brown*, which expands Heine's three stanzas into a five act drama.

Heine did not remain faithful to this religion of untrammeled joy in life. The story of his defection is told movingly in the Afterword to the *Romanzero*, which is one of the show pieces of Heine prose. But in this instance, as in others, Heine's image of the lictor was a fatefully true one. Heine may have recanted; but the lictor was there to carry out his thoughts. The pagan religion was developed by subsequent thinkers and gained adherents as the nineteenth century gave way to the twentieth.

IV

But it is time to remember that Heine was essentially a poet, a creative writer. Barker Fairley closes his recent study of Heine's imagery with the statement: "While it is much easier to read part of *Don Quixote* or *Gargantua and Pantagruel* than to stay with either to the bitter end, Heine with his short pieces and quick effects in verse and prose had hardly a dull page. It is now almost a century since he died, yet his comic-poetic survey of the world is as alive today as when he made it." Although my admiration for Heine at his best falls

just this side of idolatry, I must confess that I find a considerable body of his work unappetizing. Some of the later *Travel Pictures*, with their forced humor, call for a deeper devotion than I can muster. The "sentimentalité pourrie" that Baudelaire condemned in Heine's lyric poetry is a just criticism of the early Heine, who was so popular in the nineteenth century; although a recent study points out that a careful reading of these poems reveals an unromantic strain, they say the very opposite of what they seem to say. Equally intolerable is the note of self-pity that Heine strikes so often—the "I Atlas" note—although Heaven knows he had much to pity himself for. His public posturings as a hero of liberalism and a martyr at the hands of the reactionaries leave a bad taste in the mouth. But that Baudelaire should find in Heine *only* rotten sentimentality is as unjust a criticism as that leveled against him by the worst Heinephobes. Baudelaire ought to have recognized in Heine a kindred spirit who gave the world the same type of poetry and prose that he was writing: a literature that is gruesomely realistic in content, boldly exploring every corner of experience—including the vulgar, the macabre, the spectral, the decadent, the morbid, the horrible; and clothing this new content in a form that was classically chaste and controlled and yet had the overtones of mystery and suggestion that our most advanced poetry has sought to capture and transmit. What indeed could be more Baudelairian than the poem "Katzenjammer" from the *Romanzero* or "For Domestic Peace" which follows it? Or the superb ballads that open this volume? Or the exquisite parody "Small Folk"? Or the poems from the *Lazarus* cycle?

For the nineteenth century Heine was exclusively the poet of the *Book of Songs*, his first major collection of verse, which appeared in 1827 when the Romantic movement was still a force in European culture. For us his appeal lies chiefly in the later poetry, because of its *un*romantic, *un*sentimental pessimism; though I personally have found that, in drawing up my list of Heine's "best" poems, I was compelled to include altogether too many of the earlier poems for the comfort of the thesis here propounded. What selection from Heine's best can do without "Belsazer" or "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar"—or the lyrics from the *Journey Through the Harz Mountains*?

As I was making up this imaginary Heine anthology, I was astonished at the extraordinary range of thematic material that Heine used for his poems. We know from his letters that he was an avid

reader. How wonderfully he was able to transform his raw material into poetic content! Even when his source had already passed through the sublimating process of a creative mind, what exciting twists his imagination was able to impose on it. Compare "The Asra" with its source in Stendhal, or "Rhampsenit" with Herodotus. This almost incredible variety of theme and nuance of treatment should in itself dissolve the stereotypes which have formed in our minds concerning Heine the poet. We know him either as the poet of sentimentally tragic love or as the political and social pamphleteer in verse or as the suffering pessimist or as the Rabelaisian humorist or the Voltairian wit or the Byronic cynic and poseur. But Heine is all these and much more besides. He has left us memorable poems in every mood and key. Consider how different in spirit and atmosphere and sensibility are such poems as the devout, tender, religious "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," the flaming denunciation of social injustice in "The Silesian Weavers," the haunting mystery of "The Rites of Spring," the gruesome *Galgenhumor* of "The Rats." Add to this the playful poem, the gossamer-light poem, the philosophical poem. Then multiply by some large number; for Heine wrote in all these moods right to death's door. This yields not a comic genius nor a sentimental genius nor a realistic genius—but just a genius.

Does Heine mean anything to us today? I would put him among the top candidates for the distinction of being our first contemporary. In the sphere of literature Heine himself claimed this honor. "With me," he wrote, "the old school of lyric poetry comes to an end; with me the modern German lyric begins." It has long been recognized that Heine's treatment of nature, so central to the nineteenth century lyric, is peculiar. He rarely describes nature plastically, realistically, but uses it as a background for something else: for human emotions and moods. He does not call us back to the harmony and organic health of nature as do the poets who write in the romantic tradition. Instead he flashes before our mind's eye a series of snapshots from different natural settings and then drives home the *pointe* at which the poem aims. His refined poetic sensibility, his subtle feeling for nuances of poetic tone, color, sound music, his ability to combine the irrational elements in poetry with a highly critical intelligence, which expresses itself even in the structure of his poems—are these not the qualities that characterize the poetry of our own day?

But Heine may be regarded as the first contemporary in a more than literary sense. He represents in microcosmic form the course our culture has taken in the last century: the triumphant march of progress toward liberal humanism, followed by the great failure of nerve, resulting in a wholesale defection from the liberal attitude; the rebellion against reason and optimistic determinism which we too associate with the name of Hegel, as a rebellion against Hegelianism. One could fill out this sketchy outline of Heine as a forerunner of modern ways of thinking and feeling: his recognition of man's forlornness in nature, of man's reification, of the estrangement between the I and the Thing; his many anticipations of depth psychology; his exploitation of anthropological motifs in his imaginative writings; his keen interest in myth, folklore, superstition and demonology.

Clearly Heine is more of today than of the nineteenth century. One hopes that in the next hundred years the passions will cool, the dust of controversy settle and that even German intellectuals will no longer be able to commit the gaffes made by the Treitschkes, the Bartels, the Pongs and the Ermatingers. Above all one hopes that those who undertake to publicize Heine will be more discriminating than their predecessors and bring before the public of the future his best work rather than his worst—that is, his late poetry. Perhaps that celebrated monument that was so often nearly but never quite erected will yet rise on German soil and Germans may yet come to the point of appreciating Heine without feeling a sense of mortal sin against the Fatherland. A good beginning in this direction was made by the West German Government, which officially participated in the centennial celebration at Düsseldorf, Heine's birthplace, and issued a memorial postage stamp. As for Heine's future abroad, it would be rash to predict for him anything like the popularity he enjoyed in his first century. But the discriminating few, if they discover him, will always be his devotees.

Freud and the Changing Present

By ERLING ENG

THE QUESTION "What is psychoanalysis?" has become more and more difficult to answer the farther we go from Freud. For the original group around Freud developed its own heresies and schisms in contrast to the group of followers who remained "loyal" to him. What began as a heresy in its early days came to seem like a dogma and even superstition to some who followed later. But they, if viewed as disloyal by the others, might well have hinted at the extent of Freud's own independence in modifying his views and techniques. They might well have maintained that completely open enquiry and reformulation of ideas with the changing present is of the very essence of "psychoanalysis."

Historically the question of what has constituted deviation from the views of Freud sufficient to put one outside official psychoanalysis has no simple answer. Practically, the membership requirements of various psychoanalytic groups, in particular those making up the International Psychoanalytical Association, have been used in lieu of such a generally acceptable answer. In a sense, the question has been buried beneath matters connected with qualifications and training, as perhaps it must be.

The early rifts between Freud and his "followers" have sometimes been discussed in terms of personality differences among the persons involved. This, it seems to me, is an unnecessarily microscopic approach to the study of such "breaks," as they have come to be called. Freud's own insight or intuition, more unerring than Socrates' "daimonion," advised him against the employment of theoretical polemics or psychoanalytic arguments *ad hominem* in connection with such separations of followers or associates. Today it is possible to see, more clearly than ever, how a new view may represent a "break" for those

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who do not see its connection with the earlier views. On the other hand, the same view may represent an extended interpretation of the accepted views for those who can see the linkages. The former perceive the innovation as detrimental to the *status quo*, the latter perceive it as an enhancement. An example of this is the way in which the views of Melanie Klein in England seem to have moved from the former to the latter position for more and more psychoanalysts.[1]

Specifically, such problems of transmission (and succession) came to the fore with the departures of Adler and Jung and later Rank from the group around Freud. Of another sort has been the question of the "scientific status" of Melanie Klein's views on the significance of the first six months of life for personality development in contrast to Freud's emphasis on the period around four and five years of age. Still other problems of development have been associated with the socially and culturally phrased psychoanalysis of Horney, Sullivan and Fromm, sometimes called "neo-psychoanalysis." And in 1953 a split in French psychoanalysis appears to have been linked with the introduction of new views concerning the importance of language in psychotherapy in contrast to the traditional emphasis on stages of libidinal development. And in any more complete treatment of this kind of problem, many lesser names and developments would have to be considered.

This very diversity of views in psychoanalysis is an expression of the independence of judgment represented by Freud himself, and to whose liberation in others his work was devoted. And psychoanalysis, in this recognition of individuality, comes very close to being an artistic activity. It is this affinity with art that makes psychoanalysis difficult to understand solely or even primarily as a science of general laws.

Psychoanalysis can be taught and learned by competent teachers and able students, using a language of ideas and instruction. Both the language and instruction can still be traced back to the contacts of still living teachers of psychoanalysis with Freud himself and his immediate pupils. Still the language each of us uses differs from the language we learn, no matter how slight the difference may be. The

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[1]Clara Thompson's *Psychoanalysis: Evolution and Development* gives other examples of this shifting.

present in which we use the language learned from our predecessors is a new present, and the life of language is in present usage. It is in the gap between the learned language and the spoken language that the variations emerge, whether these are understood as "reinterpretations" or not understood and considered "breaks."

Many anthropologists today believe that the language of our birth colors our perceptions of the world all our life. The accidents of our origin still suffuse our present understanding and usage of words, and the accidents of a person's entry into the profession of psychotherapy may continue to color his own use of the "language," no matter how great his "linguistic freedom." For although the latter may exempt him to a large extent from the conventions of his "native tongue," it is usually those conventions that come to the fore in the formulations of his teaching. So, in the teaching, inevitable differences arise between an *experienced discovery* like that of Freud, and what is communicated through the "form" as well as the "content" of teaching concerned with that discovery. It is the importance of this experienced discovery and not some supposed "unscientific arrogance" of Freud that accounts for the introductory note to his final brief work—*An Outline of Psychoanalysis:*

> The teachings of psychoanalysis are based upon an incalculable number of observations and experiences, and no one who has not repeated those observations upon himself or upon others is in a position to arrive at an independent judgment of it.

* * *

The discovery of the "distorting influences" of one's individual way of perceiving on the external world can be responded to in various ways. Usually one tries to get it out of the way at first, as if it were a speck of dust on one's eyeball. The painter Braque, it is said, encountered the "germ" of his own subsequent style in the form of certain distortions that kept spreading, try as he would to prevent them, in certain previously perfect copies of paintings he was making from Raphael.[2] The story of Freud's letters to Fliess is that of a dedicated investigator of hysteria who ran into certain distortion phenomena in his objectively oriented scientific work and who, pursuing his researches further, found them to be the "germs" of his own "re-

[2]Janet Flanner, "Profiles," *The New Yorker*, Oct. 6, 1956, p. 60.

pressed" individuality. Later he gave a large portion of the story of his discovery to the world as *The Interpretation of Dreams.* It is certainly not accidental that Freud's "Rosetta Stone" in the decipherment of dreams, his "Irma Dream" of 1895, dealt with an "infection" of his patient.[3]

Thus Freud's discovery of his previously unrecognized influence on the world of his perception emerged out of the most intense kind of concentration on the "objective problem." Only such keen observation could reveal what lay "beyond" or "within" the immediate "facts" of observation. Subsequent to his discovery, the distinction between what is "manifest" and what is "latent" remained a basic distinction in Freud's thinking. This interdependence of "objective" understanding and "self-understanding" was later noted by Freud in a letter of 1897 to Fliess:

> My self-analysis is still interrupted. I have now seen why. I can only analyse myself with objectively acquired knowledge (as if I were a stranger): self-analysis is really impossible, otherwise there would be no illness. Since there is still some kind of puzzle for me in my cases, this, of necessity, must also be holding me up in my self-analysis.[4]

Freud's early specialized studies in hysteria were, like the apprenticeships of great artists, to leave their souvenirs in his later work, like Rouault's youthful work in stained glass, Renoir's in the painting of porcelain, Matisse's in textile design, and Braque's in decorative wall painting. Thus Freud's use of sexuality as a guiding metaphor (or part of psychoanalytic "mythology" to which he often referred) seems to me to derive from the connection of his key discoveries with the study and understanding of female hysteria. No accident that it was Freud who upset the psychiatrists of his day with a paper that demonstrated the occurrence of hysteria in males as well!

But Freud, unlike some of his readers, maintained his "linguistic freedom" by continuously expanding his usage of sexuality in understanding the psychic life of man. At times the sequence of his usages did not seem to be internally consistent, creating difficulties for his

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[3]For a sensitive appreciation of this dream as an emerging realization of personal identity see Erik H. Erikson's "The Dream Specimen of Psychoanalysis," *Journal of the American Psychoanalytical Association* II (1954) : 5-56.

[4]*The Origins of Psychoanalysis*, pp. 234-235. The last sentence has been translated by the writer since the published translation contains an important error.

followers until they were able to fill in the links between the old and the new.[5] By 1925 Freud's freedom in the use of sexuality as "metaphor" enabled him to write:

> Moreover, what psychoanalysis called sexuality was by no means identical with the impulsion towards a union of the two sexes or towards producing a pleasurable sensation in the genitals; it had far more resemblance to the all-inclusive and all-preserving Eros of Plato's *Symposium*.[6]

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The over-all continuity in Freud's discoveries reminds one of the devoted archaeologist for whom no detail is unimportant, who works unflaggingly year after year to bring another treasure from the past to light. In fact, some of Freud's favorite reading around the time of his dream studies was in archaeology. And in his letters to Fliess he refers to his "dream book" as "Egyptian," perhaps in allusion to Champollion's feat in the same century of deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphs through use of the Rosetta Stone. In his everyday work too Freud was surrounded with antiquities from ancient Greece and Egypt. He wrote to Fliess in 1899: ". . . the last time I was there I picked up a few old Egyptian things. Those things cheer me and remind me of distant times and countries."[7]

These figures surrounded him at the entrance to the underworld whose forces he addressed with the words on the title page of his "dream book": "If I cannot bend the gods above, I will stir up the infernal forces." This line from Virgil's *Aeneid* reminds one of that later visitor to the world beneath, Dante, who with Virgil as his guide, came to understand the initially fearful things he saw in the nether regions of the past.[8]

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[5]Ernest Jones gives the details of one such "disagreeable jolt" on pp. 302-303 of volume II of his *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*.

[6]"Resistances to Psychoanalysis," *Collected Papers*, V, p. 169.

[7]*Origins of Psychoanalysis*, p. 291. Incidentally, the phrase he uses for "cheer me" also means "gives atmosphere, mood."

[8]For a picture of Freud as "conductor of souls," see H. D.'s personal reminiscence, *A Tribute to Freud*, Pantheon Books, 1956. Suzanne Bernfeld has written about "Freud and Archaeology" in *The American Imago*, VIII (1951): 107-128.

Freud's most striking trait of thought seems this constant grasp of the whole that is made up of constantly changing possibilities of union, parallelism, and fusion, of contrast, tension, and conflict. From his early view of hysteria as a conflict of impulse and defense to his late views on the interplay of Eros and Thanatos, Freud never lost the sense of a changing whole that encompasses changing pairs of opposites. There are many examples: the contrasting of sexual and ego instincts, pleasure and reality principles, bisexuality, libidinal and aggressive drives, individual and group, and all the possible permutations of coalition and conflict among id, ego, and superego. It is possible to find perhaps a momentary longing for a greater wholeness in his letter to Fliess in 1899:

> The ancient gods still exist, for I have bought one or two lately, among them a stone Janus, who looks down at me with his two faces in very superior fashion.[9]

More particularly there is his comment on the linguistic phenomenon of "the antithetical sense of primal words" and his brief late paper on "Negation" as a form of truncated affirmation. His "Note on the Mystic Writing Pad" uses what is often a child's toy to illustrate how the mind, with its differentiated and sometimes opposed functions, works as a unity in interrelating person and world.

It is characteristic of Freud's openness that he should have found a model for theoretical discussion in a child's plaything. It brings to mind a passage from *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* in which he describes the play of an infant boy whom he observed for several weeks. This little boy kept throwing his toys away and retrieving them with expressions of both rejection and gratification. Freud says: "I saw at last that this was a game, and that the child used all his toys only to play 'being gone' with them."

In the playing child he saw how the loss of a sense of wholeness stemming from the loss of a desired object was being mastered through playful re-enactment of the disappointment. As long as we can still play there is a chance to recover from disappointment in the losses of persons, places, and things to which we have become deeply attached. Thus it is the "playful Eros" for whose return Freud offers up a hope at the close of his *Civilization and its Discontents*, a book

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[9] *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*, p. 286.

which is sometimes dismissed as the work of an aged pessimist. Yet only the person who does not anticipate reversal of a particular state of affairs can be termed a pessimist or for that matter an optimist. Freud, it seems to me, was neither or perhaps both.

Another theme with variations in Freud's work is concerned with the problem of the leader's task and authority. Quite naturally this concern emerged during the years that followed the defections of Jung, Adler, and Stekel. In his 1914 paper, "The Moses of Michelangelo," Freud presented his interpretation of a great leader's dissatisfaction with his disloyal followers. And almost twenty-five years later he was still occupied with tracing the origins of Moses's leadership, now back to the sun worship of the Egyptian Ikhnaton.

Yet Freud's passion for the understanding of origins did not ordinarily lead him outside of the ascertainable past. This is one great difference between his work and that of Jung. For it was Jung who advanced the doctrine of a "Collective Unconscious" that underlay the "personal unconscious" of Freud's interest. This "Collective Unconscious" was defined by themes of myth and legend common to peoples all over the world during human history. Jung left the limited and relative life histories behind in his claim to have isolated some "archetypes" or timeless "organizing elements" of man's psychic life. Freud moved from the foreground of knowledge into its depths, linking the more salient facts with the less obvious detail, expanding the significance of the latter through now bold, now cautious hypothesis, deepening the space of his picture bit by bit. Jung, on the other hand, has seemed to be concerned with the far distance where the mobile archetypes appear and disappear like figures of the zodiac. In the foreground, separated by a misty middle region from the archetypes, are tiny figures of living persons, like the elongated figures of Giacometti or Etruscan bronze. Jung, like the Chinese landscape painters, communicates more of a sense of infinite horizons, while Freud, like Cezanne, develops a firm reality that extends from foreground into the middle ground without loss of richness while the far distance remains like a wall.

Constantly maintaining his footing in the foreground, the psychoanalyst enables the person who works with him to develop the background of his experiencing. This, reciprocally, has the effect of bringing into greater prominence previously subdued elements of the

foreground. Together, in alternation, foreground and background deepen like the opposite faces of Freud's Janus figures in movement.

In this situation the psychoanalyst is a mediator between what is evidently present and what is invisibly potential for the person with him. In that position he makes use of two basic discoveries of Freud: the location of "resistances" and the interpretation of "transference." The "resistances" are hindrances to certain contents reaching awareness. The "transference" consists of elements transferred from past situations to the current one; these exist, unrealized, in the very foreground of attention, usually referred to persons momentarily engaging our attention. The resistance and the transference represent different kinds of limitation of the personal "life space." The resistance is the limitation that is usually experienced as voluntary and conscious, although it has an involuntary and unconscious side as well. The transference is the limitation that is usually experienced in an involuntary and unconscious fashion, though it too can be made conscious and experienced as voluntary. The possibility of psychoanalysis is a freedom of movement that is at least much less limited by no longer useful dichotomous definitions of existence. It is at this point that the current interest in psychoanalysis may be related to the problems of living in a rapidly changing society and culture.

Every child experiences a changing culture as he grows up and encounters changing expectations, no matter how stable the culture may remain for the adults within it. As the child passes from one stage of his development to another he gives up the gratifications of the earlier phase while he acquires new powers and a changed sense of himself. As he moves from one age to another, it is a continuing necessity for him to discover in himself that which will fill the new requirements. And these new requirements spring primarily from the development of his own powers as well as from the changing expectations of those about him. At first the new requirements present a "void" which somehow (it seems) others are requiring him to fill. So he "resists," to preserve his sense of freedom. At other times it appears that others are much stronger and better developed, and to them he may "transfer" images from past figures of strength and authority. And there is considerable change of opinion about who is able to do what, and to whom.

It seems to me that this oversimplified account of the child's

efforts to keep apace of his changing culture as a consequence of his growth apply as well to the situation experienced by many older persons today. Along with the "voids" that remain in the backgrounds of particular persons are the group "voids" produced by rapid changes in modern ways of living, changes that bring new vulnerabilities and the loss of old protections. These stresses and strains of transition have been clearly documented in the higher incidences of various psychosomatic disorders among the immediate descendants of immigrants to the Unied States. And what of the many different kinds of migrations within the country? From rural to urban ways of living, from fields to factories, from housekeeping wives to working wives, from individualistic to group forms of business enterprise? These and many other changes make it necessary to deal with both old and new wishes, with the loss of old satisfactions and with the acquisition of new ones. We have seen how Freud observed the child's way of mastering the disappointments of his past through play. Elsewhere he showed how the child attempts to recover contact with reality through play, the converse of mastering disappointments.

During his own early work Freud, it seems to me, was dealing with the individual effects of the weakening of the older conception of sexuality as a subordinate facet of marriage, and as more the concern of adults and men than of children and women. Freud demonstrated the importance of sexuality for the individual, and in particular in the life of the child and of the woman. With the weakening of the traditional patriarchal order and the emergence of a new sense of individuality came an experience of conflict with the impersonal conception of sexuality. And so to Freud the physician came the ladies at first, suffering from various kinds of symptoms that came and went and shifted from one part of the body to another. And strangely enough Freud discovered in the course of his efforts to cure them that he too was "sick" in ways related to their "sickness," and pursuing the path of his "sickness" he discovered a greater health than he had known before. At the same time he was learning how to discover the same kind of new health in some of his patients. His method of uncovering or recovering this "culturally lost" health became known as "psychoanalysis."

The kinds of such sickness and of such health are innumerable and the ways of discovering the health take many forms. And thus

the many-sidedness of psychoanalysis, and the especial importance of Freud's example of independent judgment and observation.

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It is easy enough today, with Freud's star in the ascendant, to overlook the extent to which his career illustrates the truth of Blake's words: "If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise." His correspondence with Fliess has enabled us to see how much "folly" he had to bear with before he could become wise. But even without these letters the abuse and opprobrium he faced during the course of his life would make these words of Blake meaningful for him. Oedipus too had horrified all Thebes as he pushed on in his sacrilegious attempts to learn more and more about his past, even to the point where his startling discoveries compelled the citizens to drive him from the city. Socrates who had enjoined his pupils to follow the Delphic oracle "Know thyself" was condemned because of the supposed effects of his dialectical midwifery on the youth of Athens. Freud in his time faced the public opposition encountered by anyone who seeks to make bare a bit of reality in the midst of a cultural crisis. For Freud, this reality was represented by the demands of a perennial biological order from which, as in play, new cultural possibilities might emerge.[10] And how much of this nascent reality are we ever able to assimilate?

In dealing with human "folie" Freud himself was often taken for the fool. Still we remember that the medieval fool was perhaps so very different from those about him that he could see what they could not; and he was so very independent in his perception and judgment that a king needed his companionship. To be sure there is no evidence that Freud ever played the fool to gratify those who sought to give this role to him. But, like Lear's fool, he understood the language of the opposites in his own way. And as he wrote about the opposing principles of Eros and Thanatos in his old age, and about the Egyptian origins of Moses, even some of his analytic followers showed miscomprehension and misgiving. But on he went, naive and deliberate as life itself, playfully evolving new forms in the void left by the loss of the old and fixed ones.

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[10]This is the point of Lionel Trilling's essay: *Freud and the Crisis of Our Culture*, Beacon Press, 1955.

The Rise of the Provincials

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

SOME TIME AGO, the provinciality of an English provincial university was disturbed by the news that Dr. Frank Raymond Leavis was coming, to give a public lecture on "The Principles of Literary Criticism." At English provincial universities there is always someone giving a lecture on the principles of literary criticism, but the name of F. R. Leavis caused some excitement, and people began to thumb back through the files of *Scrutiny* and look again at his books, wondering again, perhaps, just how much they dared, at this stage, to support him. In due time, Dr. Leavis appeared, having (it was rumored) hitch-hiked. He was wearing a shirt open at the neck and carrying over one shoulder a haversack which had been purchased at an army-surplus store; in appearance he was austere, and he had a manner of Lawrentian downrightness. An elaborate dinner had been prepared for him by the principal of the college, and he was ferried off to this. Here he talked throughout the tempting succession of delicacies, consuming nothing save a series of small tablets. The relationship between gastric trouble and literary criticism is one that it is unfair to stress; and it would be itself an error in criticism to begin with the constitution of the writer; however, this fact did not fail to set tongues a-wagging. This was some five years ago, and, at this time, Leavis's definite virtues as a critic seemed to have gained astonishingly little recognition (not that the position has improved *so* much) in the literary world, in academic circles, in his home university, Cambridge, itself. Dr. Leavis drew our attention to this, and to the existence of a literary world which actively resented the char-

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acter of his serious effort and which lacked the capacity to offer anything in the way of creative work or criticism that was anything more than second-rate.

This was, as I have said, an English provincial university, and Leavis's comments had a certain appeal, for Leavis lies firmly in the best of the English Puritan tradition. His criticism—although its fundamental emphasis is on the sensitive elucidation of what lies before the critic on the printed page—is certainly moral, in that it is concerned with the quality of the values which inform the work and the relationship of those values to a profound and serious level of living. Critical judgment, he has said, involves particular immediate acts of choice, which do not advance the business of criticism in any good way unless there has been a real and appropriate responsiveness to the thing offered; on the other hand, it is not sufficient to go on experiencing as if nothing has gone before—there are traditions in writing and in living. So when he was pressed by René Wellek for some general adumbration of the matter of his critical postulates, he offered the following statement:

> Traditions, or prevailing conventions or habits, that tend to cut poetry off from direct vulgar living and the actual, or that make it difficult for the poet to bring into poetry his most serious interests, as an adult living in his own time, have a devitalising effect. (*Scrutiny* V, 4. March, 1935).

Propositions like those of vitality, maturity, responsibility and morality (in the sense of the term already elucidated) are for Dr. Leavis measures of quality which set Milton below, say, Donne, or Dickens below George Eliot. A footnote in Leavis's book *The Great Tradition* (1948) sets exactly before us his tradition of moral training, and his personal sense of being *within* a tradition, the tradition, largely, of English nonconformity at its best. In this note Leavis quotes the following passage, on George Eliot, from Lord David Cecil's *Early Victorian Novelists*—

> But the moral code founded on that Puritan theology had soaked itself too deeply into the fibre of her thought and feeling for her to give it up . . . her standards of right and wrong were the Puritan standards. She admired truthfulness and chastity and industry and self-restraint, she disapproved of loose living and recklessness and deceit and self-indulgence.

Leavis responds with the becoming sarcasm that he differs, apparently,

from Lord David Cecil in *sharing* these beliefs, admirations and disapprovals, and that they seem to him favorable to the production of great literature. He goes on—

> I will add (exposing myself completely) that the enlightenment or aestheticism or sophistication that feels an amused superiority to them leads, in my view, to triviality and boredom, and that out of triviality comes evil.

Many of those who admire Leavis (among whom I count myself) share the moral sphere which he defines; they are people who have been brought up in lower middle-class households where this kind of nonconformist strenuousness is to be found, where moral issues are pressing. It has only been in fairly recent years that the children of these homes have been able to obtain university education and even achieve to eminence in the world of letters and in the groves of academe. To people of this background, dilettantism and the "amused superiority" of the sophisticated may very well be repugnant. More often than not, their training has been at one of the "redbrick" universities—that is, at one of the provincial universities, founded as a result of the spread of universal education in the last century, where the virtues emphasized are good hard work, keeping decent, and getting on. They are much apart from Oxford and Cambridge (the university of which Leavis is a somewhat uncomfortable inhabitant) in their rigor of tone and their aversion to the excitements of upper-classness and high life. Not all their graduates can claim to be trained in urbanity, wit and taste, though it would be most unfair to the better departments in such universities to declare that this is lacking. But the training in taste that Leavis adumbrated in *Scrutiny* is of a different order than that Good Taste that one associates with the dons of Oxford colleges, with Virginia Woolf or E. M. Forster—it is far less dilettante and élite, involving rather a rigorous training in discrimination.

Most of the standard assessments in the serious press and elsewhere take a tone of comfortable detachment. Thus Philip Toynbee wrote in the *Observer* at about the time Leavis's *Scrutiny* came to an end: "The school of Leavis and Richards was severe, sometimes sour, sometimes absurd. . . . But high prejudice is needed somewhere. We cannot do without the defiant setting of a standard which the Cambridge critics achieved for so long." Mr. G. S. Fraser, in his recent book *The Modern Writer and His World* likewise allocates I. A.

Richards to Cambridge and couples him with Leavis; "Dr. Leavis and Dr. Richards" (one looks for their consulting hours) are "the New Cambridge Tradition." He comments:

> *Scrutiny* today represents an influential but isolated point of view. . . . Crudely generalising from him, a reader might say that, in spite of his rather grim severity of tone, what he is always looking for is the embodiment of positive life-enhancing values. . . . But . . . may it not be a good thing for young readers sometimes to have passionate and immature admirations?

(Why?) This tone, which might be defined as the professional tone of the intelligent reviewer, is taken by two other more critical commentators, Father Martin Jarrett-Kerr, writing in *Essays of Criticism*, and L. D. Lerner, writing in *The London Magazine*. Both praise Leavis reservedly, at the same time chiding him for what he is popularly known to have, asperity, ill-temper. Lerner (in the January, 1955, issue of *The London Magazine*) said that *Scrutiny*'s great achievement was a twentieth-century one, that of "building up a body of practical criticisms, of substantiated literary judgments, that has surely no equal in extent and quality." He tries to divide the practical form from the theoretical in Leavis, and at the same time to complain of a lack of theoretical discussion in *Scrutiny*. In fact, *Scrutiny*'s position is very explicitly, as well as implicitly, defined, and it is perhaps a misapprehension of this fact that leads Mr. Lerner to complain that, while some of Leavis's judgments are good, others (primarily his judgments of the "moderns"—Dylan Thomas, Christopher Fry, Graham Greene and the *Horizon* group are named) are "grudging." For a coherent scheme of values, if less theoretically than practically arrived at, lies behind the review and provides the firm and consistent basis on which the "grudging," as well as the more agreeable, judgments are made. The judgments in *Scrutiny* are consistent enough, and to say that some are good and some bad is, perhaps, to define them wrongly; what rather should be said is, I think, that the practical work of criticism is done a good deal better at some places in its pages than it is in others.

But this comfortable detachment can shade off into a distaste for Leavis that is almost malicious, and certainly without temperamental sympathy for what he certainly has to offer. This is the tone adopted by John Hayward, just after the war, when he dismissed Leavis as "a cold intellectual" and his critical activity as a "methodical and

uncompromising destruction of reputations." And Stephen Spender has few good words to say for Leavis;[1] thus in an editorial article in the second number of *Encounter* he refers quickly to "Dr. F. R. Leavis's anti-university Cambridge where the Leavisites devote some of their critical faculties to being embarrassed much as the Quakers did to quaking" in the course of a complaint against something which defines the terms of the battle rather sharply, "the rebellion of the lower middle brows," as he calls it. And it is certainly a battle or at least a fundamental opposition of views, a contest of the U's and non-U's. Spender, here, is referring to the redbrick tradition, or, to quote him, the "provincial puritanism" which seems to be growing in English letters and which, he claims, is tending to regard creation as an offshoot of critical analysis.[2]

Certainly Leavis can fairly complain of some disregard of him from these centers of opinion; *Scrutiny* was steadily ignored by the literary weeklies and the Sunday reviewing newspapers, and especially by the *Times Literary Supplement*, with the editor of which Leavis had an acrimonious correspondence which he is only too pleased to show interested visitors. The tone of the complaints against it are very much the tone of a complaint which John Lehmann made against the same "rebellion of the lower middle brows" in a letter to *The New Statesman* for August 8, 1953, when he attacked "provincialism, one of the blights that is always in danger of settling on our literature." And in his "Valedictory" to the last number of *Scrutiny* Leavis describes a conversation with "a very eminent and influential man of letters" which gives, he thinks, the moral climate in regard to *Scrutiny* very well. The man of letters proferred a superlatively high opinion of the magazine. When asked, however, whether the public expression

[1] Not surprisingly, for Leavis, in complaining of the decline in literary standards, asks: "How, there is still (it seems) some point in asking, was it possible to get Mr. Stephen Spender established as a distinguished writer? There is no mystery about the processes by which it was done; the portentous fact is that they met with no resistance (except in *Scrutiny*), against which the institutional and European *Criterion* could be invoked, and was." *Scrutiny*, last number.

[2] His is the voice of the dominant literary scene against which Leavis has never ceased to articulate complaints, and which is not, he holds, one favorable to maturation and development of younger talents and arrested Auden at the stage of undergraduate brilliance; this "social-literary milieu," this "Auden ethos" is, as he sees it, the center of the dominant standards and attitudes.

of such a viewpoint might not have helped the review, he declared, "The time is not yet ripe." What I want to suggest here is that, now, the time is becoming ripe.

Scrutiny was a quarterly first published from Cambridge in May 1932 and survived under many difficulties for twenty-one years, until October 1953, ending then not with the usual financial bankruptcy but from a bankruptcy of material of sufficiently high a standard. The review was founded by a group of collaborators, most of whom were young research students, stimulated by the criticism of Eliot (and particularly by *The Sacred Wood*) and by that of Richards and Empson. Their more precise influences were, however, Q. D. Leavis's book *Fiction and the Reading Public* (1932) and an earlier review of a very high standard, *The Calendar of Modern Letters* (1925-1927). Mrs. Leavis in her book had documented the workings of "a number of tendencies which, having assumed the form of commercial and economic machinery, are now so firmly established that they have run on their own and whenever they choose; they have assumed such monstrous impersonality that individual effort towards controlling or checking them seems ridiculously futile," tendencies in literature and life, decay in the quality of human experience hastened by books and magazines devoted to "giving the public what it wants." She suggested that the channels of disinterested criticism were rapidly being closed and that free and independent exercise of the intelligence was growing more and more unpopular. *Scrutiny* grew up, then, much aware of responsibilities in this direction. The journal carried few advertisements and did not pay its contributors, yet it always maintained an exacting level of standards and if it suffered from the hostility of the literary and academic world it succeeded, if with the greatest difficulty, in paying its way and ended with a circulation of some seven thousand, a very high circulation for a magazine of its kind.

Its position was defined clearly in "*Scrutiny:* A Manifesto," which appeared in the first number for May 1932:

> The general dissolution of standards is a commonplace. . . . Those who are aware of the situation will be concerned to cultivate awareness and will be actively concerned for standards. A review is necessary that combines criticism of literature with criticism of extra-literary activities. We take it as axiomatic that concern for standards of living implies concern for standards in the arts.

This position was much refined and grew steadily in subtlety. The earlier numbers contained criticism by Richards and Empson and creative work by Richard Eberhart, C. H. Peacock and Ronald Bottrall; Leavis himself did not appear as an editor until the fourth number. Later the sense of purpose and function defined a tone, a style, which one might say was almost peculiarly *Scrutiny*'s. By the time the review ended it had become an institution; its influence, if not always admitted, was very considerable.

But now the review has ended and in the three years since that sad event, which leaves so unhappy a gap in the ranks of the small army of English critics, Dr. Leavis's reputation has risen considerably. The end of the review itself seemed the turning point; in *The Spectator* an editorial comment bewailed the end of "our best critical review" and the correspondence columns contained letters from abroad taking the tone of one from the University of Ceylon which took note of "the high reputation and distinction enjoyed by *Scrutiny* amongst students of English literature here and in India." And now it is permissible to admit oneself impressed by the review; one can even hear it said, "I got my first on *Scrutiny*."

It is difficult to say whether this new interest is evidence that the literary world we live in is now a "post-*Scrutiny*" world, whether this interest is not just that same "acuteness in reading the signs of the weather" that Dr. Leavis criticized in the modern literary scene, and whether the support of people who are trying to back the right horse might not lead to a debasement of the values that Leavis believes in with the most disinterested severity. The fact that Dr. Leavis's critical approach gives a point of access to a view of life (and that the life offered is of the deepest and richest kind), is often overlooked, probably because of *Scrutiny*'s place in the world of magazine bickering. In view of Leavis's comment in the first number of *Scrutiny* that "the arts are something more than a luxury product . . . they are 'the storehouse of recorded values' and, in consequence, . . . there is a necessary relationship between the quality of an individual's response to art and his general fitness for humane existence," and the norm of literature implied by these criticisms (from a review in *Scrutiny* by Robin Mayhead)—"the poet is trying artificially to inject life into verse that resolutely refuses to leave the ground . . . going for his sensations rather beyond anything the writer could pretend to offer . . . a failure

of growth, an absence of anticipated soundness and maturity"—it hardly seems likely that his ideas can obtain wide public appeal. And surely a loss of stringency, which would be the result of acceptance in popular reviewing circles, would be as harmful as actual disregard of his work.

But what I am most interested in here is the effect of this process on the literary scene; what is happening in English literature at the present time? Leavis's criticism, apart from its more lasting virtues, represents an attack on a certain kind of literary attitude which is now perhaps on the decline, and will decline more as the reputation of Leavis rises. The declining mode is sometimes called "Bloomsbury," though it is something wider than that—the people who tend to regard the practice of criticism, literature or literary scholarship as a dilettante activity, those who indulge in what one of the new middlebrows, John Wain, called "the bland assumption that Culture is Culture No Matter What." Leavis remarks that *Scrutiny*'s judgments have "invariably turned out to be right" and that "after what was often the most indignant resistance in the world of literary fashions, they have been accepted, and now pass current as what was always known." This is the current process, and it is the "dilettante" views, perhaps, that are being superseded—or are these becoming the new "dilettante" views?

Perhaps, in view of Leavis's greater acceptance, the loss of *Scrutiny* is not the serious matter it once would have been; nevertheless, it is a major loss. Its survival since 1932 is a tribute, if not necessarily to a perceptive public (for its circulation was never as wide as it might have been), at least to Dr. Leavis and his co-editors and contributors, who working without payment, under difficult conditions, with academic work constantly making its demands, and under the threat of financial instability or the loss of contributors to busier or more lucrative posts, kept on going for so long. And though the position is improved today in England by the circulation, under the benevolent but forcing stimulus of the Ford Foundation, of such American reviews as the *Kenyon*, the *Hudson* and the *Partisan*, yet these have not the influence, the organized degree of movement, nor perhaps the same unwavering standards as *Scrutiny*, for anyone to suppose that they are a substitute for Dr. Leavis's collaborative enterprise.

Leavis permits himself, in his "Valedictory" in the last number, a sad joke to the effect that "a rich subject awaits some (probably

American) researcher: the discrepancy between the official or conventional agreed valuation of *Scrutiny* and the evidence of a decisive influence exerted." But perhaps what is more worth surveying now are the signs of change in the contemporary literary scene; already certain common references, attitudes of mind, traits of style, even, suggest the nature of the change. And certainly the rebellion of the middle-brows has not been without its victories, and there have come into the literary scene new tones and manners, a new provincialism in the better sense of the word, a stringency not at all urbane, beating out the meaning of good taste on its own pulse. John Wain has recently produced a new collection of criticism, to which many young critics have contributed, which shows this post-Leavis tone; it is called *Interpretations*, a not un-Leavis-like title. At any rate, the welfare state, the world of Subtopia, and the atomic age is producing, it seems, its own kind of writer.

In Beauty

By CHADWICK HANSEN

She does not walk in beauty. No,
She is not beauty's woman, but her own,
So beauty walks in her;
Her final excellence is that
Her excellence is hers alone.

CHADWICK HANSEN holds a Ph.D. in American Studies from the University of Minnesota and is now teaching English and the Humanities at Pennsylvania State University.

Two Poems

By John Forbis

Old Granitehead

old granitehead, he whacked
against the rockies coming west
they say the foothills came out
secondbest

went westward digging
into mountains like a river
cutting stone
west till the pacific sunk him
ankledeep and swore
at the water, pissed in the water

lately went west all the way

built a couple honest empires, maybe three
then puked upon the pile of gold
and pushed it in the sea

got tired of kicking mountains
sick of cutting trees
felt the muscles
in his legs get up to walk
and followed them into the goddamn ocean
and died like an old man ought to die
when there's no place left to go.

John Forbis, whose poetry has appeared before in these pages, has written for television and is a chief copy editor for an Oregon advertising agency.

Poet Among the Angels

All beauty
surrounding me
would leave a capsule in the mind
unsatisfied.

If you could bathe me quite in music
I would have to wonder
who played all those harps
and in which keys
and why they played—
above all, played for me.

Just man can think existence
needs embellishment.
Completer beast, the tiger
fills existence with a fallen antelope.

No, not yet enough to breathe and be for me.
Not yet enough to contemplate
my subtle, rounded skull . . . not yet.
I have an eye I cannot stop from looking;
I have a growth to fertilize.

Profounding me with music, beauty and the truth
would hardly make me grow—
would make me sleep, I'm sure, in discontent
(as all men do).

A STORY

The Golden Hair

By JOHN BERRY

Myth embodies the nearest approach to absolute truth that can be stated in words.—A. K. Coomaraswamy

SOONER OR LATER, people ask me why I went to India, and this is a delicate question requiring a different answer each time, not because I must conceal the truth, but because the truth seems different to me every time I think seriously about it. Every new experience affects the meaning of the whole past; and if we agree that this is so, we can add to our worries the thought that not even the coffined past holds still—or we can smile with the Buddha by the River of Life, in that philosophical calm which comes from knowledge of the unity and the transitoriness of all things.

For some reason, no one has ever asked me why I *left* India. Say I went there to study Myth, or to find out what was on the other side of the moon, or to see what the world looks like from Mars; say I was escaping from something or pursuing something—love, perhaps. It is all true. And if I say that I was very nearly lost there, and that I was pulled out by a hair—a golden one—you will understand that it is true; and yet the very strangeness of it is enough to assure me that I shall probably, in all honesty, tell my story a bit differently next time. I am too much concerned with a sense of proportion in this life, ever to be satisfied with facts.

At any rate, I went to India and I stayed there for three years—which, in a land where time has no meaning, can be a moment or a lifetime. In my case it was almost a lifetime. Bharat University, at Bharatpur, where I settled in October, 1951, is a hundred miles

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JOHN BERRY's "The Golden Hair" is one of a series of his stories in which the setting is India. He writes that he has also committed himself to writing an epic poem, "which will be finished in a few more years."

inland from Calcutta, in Bengal, near the Behar border, and it is surrounded by desert and jungle. It used to be an *ashram*, or hermitage. Now it is a school, with primary, secondary, college and postgraduate departments. Total enrollment is about 500, mostly high-caste Bengalis, with quite a few students from other provinces. Foreigners come there from time to time, with the idea of teaching the texts of modern knowledge or studying the texts of ancient wisdom. I did both, with unflagging folly.

The community, clustered loosely around the school, is comprised of Bengali families connected in one way or another with the institution. For various reasons—the inferior status of women in India, Bengali *apartheid*, religious and caste restrictions and the prohibitive cost of Indian hospitality—social life is at a standstill. As a foreigner, and not a very aggressive one at that, I found myself shut out of Bengali life, although I adopted Indian dress, lived in a mud hut, spoke Bengali, and devoted myself to friendship as if I thought the world depended on it—and, as a matter of fact, I did think so. Only Arjuna-*babu*, the local chief of police, who had spent ten years in the British Army of the Middle East, was sufficiently disoriented as to require perspectives outside the culture of Bengal. To this day, he is my loyal and solitary Indian friend; but I never saw his family. Finally, there was Balu, my cook, a bow-legged little rogue of a *Sudra*—that is, a member of the servant caste—who was an insufferable snob because some people had seen fit to be half a degree blacker than he, and that was black indeed. Balu was pious, immoral and dishonest as the day is long, but I loved him because he was jolly and a good flutist. Once, in a fit of despondency, I actually began negotiating to buy my way into his home for a social evening. We were both relieved when events made this particular prostitution unnecessary.

Bharatpur is a kind of "Aryan" colony in the midst of Dravidian territory. That is, the surrounding people are the black tribesmen whose ancestors inhabited the land when the fair ancestors of present-day Brahmins and Kshatriyas, the Aryans, came down from the north and conquered India. It was among these people, the Santals, whom other Indians call "aborigines" and "non-Indians," that I found friendship and true hospitality in that complex, subtle and hidebound land for which I bear a nearly unrequited love.

My mud hut—to me, the most beautiful of houses—was simply alive with creatures. There were no parasites except mosquitoes, but there must have been thirty different kinds of insects, of which the two-inch cockroaches were the most scholarly and intelligent. Minah-birds, with delicious little chuckles, searched the thatched roof for crawling tidbits. At night two cobras came to drink at the leaky water tank just outside. Tiny bats fluttered in and out of my windows. From three to seven *tik-tikis*—lizards of various shades of green or grey—took up their station every night on the wall, not two feet from my chair, where they caught the insects that were attracted by my reading lamp—and one of these lizards sometimes closed her eyes and allowed me to stroke her head with my forefinger. Scorpions as big as my hand and centipedes as long as my foot sometimes made dramatic entrances and quick exits. For a whole summer month, two extraordinarily handsome but churlish storks woke me at six o'clock every morning by pounding on the verandah, clapping their beaks and, I think, growling. They liked bread, but they also liked to tower over me suddenly with a mad look in their eyes. My defense was to throw a cloth over their heads when they did this. (An incautious Bengali woman had to have her head stitched up after a meeting with these cantankerous birds.) And there were all manner of smaller birds, and there were monkeys and apes and jackals and dogs and mice and ants. . . .

There was no question of getting rid of all these creatures. I had to live with them, and on the whole they were pretty well-behaved. After all, they had to live somewhere. Few of them had any specific designs on my person. Mosquitoes were fascinated by my pale, succulent feet, and if they encountered insect-repellent on them, they went away and sat down and thought. On the average, two flies out of twelve were curious. These I swatted, and the rest could stay. Gloomily I felled an occasional great beetle merely because he crashed into my hut like an airplane and roared and thudded around, and besides he carried a lot of little, fuzzy, yellow passengers underneath, who scattered when he hit. Finally, there were the rats, with whom I declined to share my living quarters. They were shameless fellows with no poise and they made me damned nervous. I murdered them with a stick.

One morning I was walking away from my hut carrying a dead rat by the tail, when a young Santal tribesman darted away from his companions on the road nearby, and came running towards me. He was naked except for a minim breechclout, a red *gamcha* or sweat-cloth around his head, a blue and white necklace, and copper amulets worn around the neck and just above the elbows. His lithe, black body glistened with cocoanut oil. A bamboo bow and reed arrows were slung across his back. As he approached, he slowed to a walk, flashed the pearliest of smiles, and clasped his hands in the *namaskar*, sign of greeting.

"*Babu*," he said, "what will you do with the rat?"

"Bury it," I replied. I noticed that his Bengali was elementary, like mine, and I was delighted that he did not call me *Sahib*.

"Give it to me."

"And what will you do with it?"

"Eat it." He grinned, and taking the rat, he saluted me with it and flew off to rejoin his fellows.

The next morning, with a green shawl over his shoulders, he was back at my hut, dragging a huge dead fruit-bat, or flying fox, by the wing-tip. It was about as big as a California buzzard. With an expression of pure happiness, he dropped the creature at my door and started off.

"Just a minute, friend," I called. "What is this for?"

"Eat it. I shot it last night. My father sends it to you."

"What do these bats eat?" I had a fleeting vision of a bat roasted with a mouse in its mouth. At this point almost anything would have been preferable to goat, which had been my only meat for many months. Had any other meat been available, Balu would have refused to cook it for me. Good Hindu that he was, he lived in dread that I—and perhaps he unknowingly!—might commit the abomination of eating "beeph." Even now he was peeking through the window, rolling his eyes and wagging his head at *Sahib's* dubious association with a savage and a bat.

"They eat only the best of mangoes," the Santal assured me. "We eat only the best of bats."

"How do you cook them?"

He became pensive.

"I do not know," he said at last. "My mother and my sisters know. Will you eat with us—or are you a Brahmin?"

"I am not even a Hindu," I said.

He slapped his chest and spun around twice, like a dancer.

"Neither are we!" he shouted. "Muslim? No! Then you are like us—only you are white." Solemnly gazing into my blue eyes, he reached out and tickled my cheek with his fingers; and, as I smiled and did the same to him, he said: "You are really like us."

Shukdev was his name. It means Happy God.

That afternoon I did not go cycling with Arjuna-*babu* as usual. Instead I left early, avoiding the police station where he ruled over his sixteen barefoot policemen, and cycled out about five miles, across a desert, to a jungle where Shukdev had said his village was. As I walked along the trail, pushing my cycle tortuously under banyan roots and creepers, I came upon a mud hut with smoke curling up from a hole in the thatch. In front of it, gazing at me with an expression of amazement and something like joy, stood Adam, in Adam's state. And how like Shukdev he was! Short, black, perfectly proportioned, with great, liquid eyes and straight hair that hung nearly to his shoulders, he seemed to me of the same consistency throughout, balanced and harmonious with himself and his environment. And he was greeting me with that calm courtesy and grace which befits the lord of creation.

"Do you know Shukdev?" I asked.

"He is my *bhai*." This could mean brother, or a more distant relative, or a close friend. "You are the friend of Shukdev—Berry? I am Buden. I will take you to him." As he uttered my name, I realized for the first time that in Bengali my name means Chain.

Buden led me along a trail. Small, razor-backed pigs scurried in front of us. Gaudy parrots screamed at us from the orchid-covered trees and vines overhead. Suddenly we were in a clearing, with a cluster of huts about us. Although, as I learned later, I was the first white man who had ever come to their village, the people of the tribe neither hid themselves nor swarmed about me. Discreet yet friendly, they stood chatting with one another. Whenever they caught me looking at them, they smiled at me encouragingly. They closely resembled Buden and Shukdev; for they were a type, formed by unchanging milleniums in the same environment: not individuated but standard. And what a standard! I thought them the most beautiful people I had ever seen.

Out of the largest hut in the village Shukdev came running to greet me, followed by a dignified older man, a middle-aged woman, and four girls. It was his father, mother and sisters. After his father, Shurja, who was the chief, had welcomed me, the elders, including two matriarchal women, gathered around to exchange pleasantries. Then the festivities began. First a huge, black cauldron was uncovered and its steaming contents ladled out in cocoanut shells. I received the first cup of scalding liquid and downed it with a flourish. It was mostly fermented rice, whitish in color, and it tasted like a mixture of beer and sauterne with salt, spices and chili added. It was extremely potent.

A humming, musical sound arose from somewhere—three notes only, repeated over and over, with subtle variations in order, rhythm and tempo. A group of young women, their arms linked, were singing in unison, their lips barely moving, like ventriloquists. Red hibiscus flowers were in their blue-black hair, and they wore single garments like short *saris*—blue and green and blue-green and violet—draped so as to leave one magnificent breast more or less bare. Other girls joined them. Flutes began, then drums, lazy and eccentric to my ears, but not to theirs. The beauties lined up, arm in arm, swaying and nodding, with little, shuffling, complicated steps. It was like fields of rice moving in the wind.

Inside the chief's hut I sat on a mat, surrounded by Shukdev, Buden, Shurja and Shurja's father, father-in-law and two uncles. The women brought in earthenware bowls full of steaming rice, curried vegetables, salt and chilis, and we fell to with our fingers. There followed roast bat and curried bat, chicken and pig. There were other things which I could not identify. If there was rat, I ate it gratefully.

It was dark outside now, but two big bonfires made centers around which two groups of dancers were swaying and leaping—for the men had joined in, some with drums dangling from their necks to their waists, dancing and drumming at the same time: hopping and strutting like cocks, then beautifully with agile and very difficult steps, hovering low, soaring high, always perilously close to the semicircle of women, to whose movements theirs were in such contrast, and drumming madly with a rhythm I could never catch. Variations on the heartbeat, I thought. Shukdev and Buden, both as drunk as I and as everyone else, took my hands and showed me the steps. It was really a kind of courtship-dance, the men boasting of their prowess in hunt-

ing and working, dancing, drinking and sex—and we had to make all the appropriate noises—the women remaining almost but not quite unmoved, sensual and enigmatic.

I slept that night in the village, which is called Flower Town.

My commitments at the so noncommittal university became more and more irksome as my visits to Flower Town grew longer and more frequent. One day the Acting Vice Chancellor indicated to me that my association with the Santals was an implied rebuke to the Hindu community—by which, of course, he meant the touch-me-not Brahmins. I told him, in effect, that I took my friendship where I found it, and that I should welcome hospitality from all segments of the population, including the Untouchables.

"You mean, spiritually," he said.

"No," I said, "physically. People ought to *touch* each other." And reaching out, I tickled his cheek ever so politely. He flinched.

Not long after that, I was relieved of my classes. And it was indeed a relief, not only because I had been unable to adjust myself to the top-heavy examination system, but because it was a small university, split into warring factions, including communists and nationalists, all of whom were pretty well agreed that I was up to no good. The fact that my best friend, Arjuna-*babu* (that elegant and poetic Brahmin, who hates firearms), was the local chief of police, showed that American imperialists were undermining officialdom. The boxes of used clothing which I received periodically from America—for which I exploited my friends and my family—were for the purpose of influencing the loyalty of the poor—"pulling the 'ool over their eyes," as I heard the economics professor say. This last I sincerely wished had been true, for winter was approaching, and the poor suffer more from cold than from the terrific heat of summer. The garments I distributed were mostly cotton.

During my absences in Flower Town, Balu, my cook—that cheerful poisoner—reigned supreme in my beloved hut. I did not mind the parties he gave there while I was gone, but I did mind his opening the packages which came for me. They contained the clothes in question, and one in particular contained dolls and toys for poor children. I was sure he was disposing of as many of these things as he dared, to his own advantage. Not only did he protest his innocence, but he took this occasion to announce his engagement to a young lady of

eight years (he himself was between twelve and eighteen, depending on his stratagem of the moment), and to remind me that I had promised him a handsome present for his wedding! I could remember no such promise, but I did not deny it, for there was a faint possibility that I had, while learning Bengali, made such a commitment without knowing it; besides, it seemed appropriate that I give him a wedding gift, promise or no promise. I merely let him know that if he ever again in any way confused the contents of the packages with his wedding gift, I would give him a pounding. And I could not help bringing to his attention the fact that the free Santals whom he scorned—*Sudra* that he was!—neither lie nor steal.

Long-suffering Arjuna-*babu*, who knew yards of English poetry by rote, was now almost my only connection with the outside world. And my relations with him were somewhat strained because I could not take him with me to Flower Town, but kept my life there a secret from him. For he was a policeman, and the Santals are chary of all officials; but he was also too much the Aryan overlord in spite of his liberalism, and too conscious of being the heir of an ancient, exclusive, Brahminical civilization. The Santals might have accepted him as my friend; at the same time they might have assumed that I shared some of his attitude towards them, which I did not.

In Flower Town, where outsiders never ventured, I was a kind of white Santal. Staying first with Shukdev, then with Buden, I entered into the life of the tribe as if they were my long-lost people. Although the cold winds were beginning to sweep down from the Himalayas, the sky was very blue and clear, and the sun, though high, tanned my white skin brown. Dressed—or rather undressed—like the others, in breechclout and crimson head-cloth, barefoot, with beads and amulets thoughtfully provided by Shukdev's mother, I went hunting with my friends. They could bring down a rabbit at forty paces by snaking a blunt arrow along the ground and knocking him on the head with it. The only things I could hit were low-flying bats, and I think I could have got them just as well with a long pole.

And there were dances, at the slightest pretext. Every few nights the drums and the flutes would start up. Irresistibly everyone was drawn into the dance—the young and the not-so-young. Quite little girls attached themselves to the line of women. Boys of ten and fourteen, leaping and fluting like fauns, skittered among the men, daring

the mystery of woman. And those who stood beside the great, black cauldron were soon lying blissfully prone beside it. And was there ever a night or a day when the little flutes and the deep flutes did not converse through the forest?

And they were poets, bards, musicians, story-tellers. Through Myth they told me of the creation of the world, the nature of things, the reasons for different forms of life, and for different races, sexes, temperaments, and tribal ways. And everything that was had life in it, and a miraculous history. And, not content with the profusion of nature, they boldly envisioned creatures and situations too whimsical even for actuality, though not for self-transcending Truth.

One night there was an especially glorious festival in Flower Town. The occasion was the marriage of Modhu, one of the daughters of Shurja, to a youth from a neighboring tribe. All day the drums and the flutes had been going strong, the great black cauldron was flowing, and the dancers had settled into a continuous, easy, almost hypnotic motion which they would keep up for several days and nights. Omens and auguries had set the time for the ceremony at about ten o'clock that night. The bridegroom's tribe had arrived in full regalia, wrapped in big shawls of various colors, against the cold. Both men and women wore scarlet hibiscus flowers in their hair or stuck through holes in the lobes of their ears. The women wore the family wealth in the form of silver bracelets, anklets and necklaces.

Modhu was in strict seclusion in her father's house—that is, her sole companions were some fifteen maidens; no male was permitted to look upon her. This was the first step in the fantastic dramatization of her virginity. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the bridegroom and his cronies attempted to break in and carry away the bride by force, the implication being that such a jewel or virtue, rather than submit to a man, would otherwise escape into the jungle before the ceremony. The bride's relatives, including Shukdev and Buden, thwarted this adbuction, during which fists flew and the bridegroom got a bloody nose. Two sets of guards were posted around Shurja's hut: their men, to see that she did not run away, and our men, to see that she was not kidnapped.

The bridegroom had to pass tests in archery, wrestling, stick-fighting, broadjumping, and dancing. This was followed by a physical examination and a horoscope. The priest, or medicine-man, though a

shamanist, was influenced in some ways by Hindu tradition when it came to the ceremony. After interminable auguries had been cast and a great many spirits had been propitiated, he seated the bridegroom, dressed in a white *dhoti*, before the sacred fire and commanded that the bride be brought in. Seven conch-shells moaned three times. The drums stopped so that Modhu's screams could be heard by all. There was a great uproar at Shurja's house. At the last minute Modhu's brothers and cousins were trying to save her by kidnapping her themselves. They fought the good fight—and it was a pretty ugly one, from what I could see by squinting one eye—but they were finally overcome by the superior numbers and determination of the bridegroom and his men.

Once again the bridegroom resumed his seat before the sacred fire. Slowly, triumphantly his brothers and cousins approached carrying a huge basket with a lid on it, which contained the bride. Twice en route she succeeded in forcing up the lid, leaning out, looking quite dishevelled, and giving a series of operatic screams. They stuffed her in again and clamped the lid down more firmly. Seven times they carried her around the bridegroom while the priest chanted and shuffled the sacred objects on the ground. Then, raising the lid of the basket, they got hold of the end of her *sari* and tied it tightly to the end of the bridegroom's *dhoti*, although she was tugging at it all the while. Modhu gave up. Sulkily she clambered out of the basket and sat down beside her husband, leaning away from him, however, and hiding her face. And once, when Modhu forgot herself and looked at him—it was supposed to be the first time she had ever seen him, although we knew better—we all sighed, or felt like sighing, for she was beautiful and he was handsome and they were both very happy.

After the bridal party had left, taking Modhu off to her new home, I sat with my friends in Shurja's hut, feasting and drinking and telling ribald stories. Shukdev proposed that we ambush the bridal party in the jungle and bring Modhu back; but the priest said it could not be done without antagonizing the spirits, who were enjoying the hasheesh with which he had lightly drugged them. It could be done in the morning, he said. We all felt that would be too late to save Modhu.

Drums and flutes and the eternal humming-song in three notes made a waterfall of sound in the night. Around the bonfires the long

lines of women were swaying and nodding, and within their semi-circles the men were leaping fantastically, half-menacingly.

The remaining three daughters of Shurja entered the hut and stood smiling, looking at each other but joking with the young men. The light from the hearth fire and from the guttering oil lamps played over the forms of the three women. With the scarlet flowers in their blue-black hair, eyes like those of forest-creatures, round, perfect faces, magnificent bodies—although I might, at one time, have complained of the narrowness of those hips—they were like ebony goddesses. I loved them and I would marry one of them, or perhaps all three of them, and I would live my life in Flower Town, loved and loving, and my children would run naked in the forest and wear flowers in their hair. . . .

Something on the white shawl I was wearing caught my eye. About a foot long, it lay on my shoulder and across my chest, gleaming in that fitful light. It was a golden hair. Slowly as in a dream, I plucked it off and held it up between my thumb and forefinger. A sudden chill came over me.

"Whose hair is this?" I demanded with a harshness I did not intend, for my throat muscles had constricted.

The others stared at it in amazed silence, uncertainly, perhaps a bit sullenly. Their ancient enemies, the Aryans, had had golden hair—and nothing is wholly forgotten in India. Then Shurja laughed and clapped me on the knee.

"Nobody has hair like that, Berry!" he shouted. "It is a gold thread from a Banaras *sari*! Ho, ho! Look at those girls of mine—better than a Banaras woman, eh? You are very drunk, Berry. So am I!" He rocked with laughter and spilled liquor into everybody's cup.

For them the awkward moment had passed. For me it did not pass. Something had happened to me. My brain whirled with wild speculations, with dread and longing. I wound the golden hair around my finger and sat trying to keep up appearances. It was useless. My mood was affecting the company. Muttering excuses, I got up and left. Under a cold, full moon I cycled back to Bharatpur, stopping every once in a while to stare at the golden hair.

Back in my own hut, I pulled Balu out of my bed and demanded an accounting: He had laid out my clothes. Had he seen a golden hair

like this? No, *Sahib,* never! Had he seen a woman with hair like this—anywhere? Never. What of the foreign women who had come to the university before I came? Or were there any new ones? No, none. Anyway, *Sahib,* it was not a hair but a gold thread. Nobody had hair like that. Would *Sahib* sleep now? It was two in the morning.

But it was a hair. And it was the most beautiful hair I had ever seen in my life—fine and strong and of the purest gold color! Not flaxen or blonde or copper-red, but gold, gold!

I lay down, but I did not sleep that night. Like a scientist reconstructing a prehistoric creature out of a single vertebra, I, myth-maker, constructed a visionary creature out of one golden hair. Her beauty surpassed that of all other women, and I worshipped her as the goddess of creation. Then it was I knew why Homer, the supreme poet, never attempted to describe Helen, but merely remarked that for such a woman a war was well worth the fighting. With my soul I saw her and I loved her.

The next day I made such exhaustive enquiries about women with golden hair, that some people thought me mad. I thought of a place Arjuna and I had once found: a crumbled mansion in a desert where a river had been, and the graveyard of an English family; but the latest date on the tombstones had been 1892. I questioned Balu closely about the dolls in the packages, for a ludicrous notion struck me at one point, that it might be a doll's hair—but I quickly rejected this. One man told me of a Swede with a long, golden beard who had been at Bharatpur. I knew this was sacrilege, but I checked with Arjuna to make absolutely certain. Of course, it was not true. He had had a straw-colored beard, and he had been gone for years. Besides, it was ridiculous to suppose that such a hair had come from any man. It was the golden hair of Helen.

I kept it in a little leather box that I had bought in Venice, and I remembered that the women of that city had once been renowned for their beautiful copper-red hair. I took it out many times a day to look at it. At night Helen walked the parapets of Troy.

The cold wind was blowing constantly now, day and night, not violently but enough to rustle the thatched roof, to moan in the tamarind tree that grew against my hut, and to rattle the doors and shutters. There was no let-up. Little things began to irritate me, even to send me into sudden rages. For the first time, I began to hate the

insects. One morning I sacked Balu for short-changing me on some provisions I had sent him to buy—I had permitted him to cheat me a dozen times before, without deigning to notice. On the afternoon of the same day, I offended Arjuna-*babu* over some trifling matter.

Only five days had passed since my discovery of the golden hair, and I was alone in the world—for I could not go back to Flower Town. My other life was working in me with a vengeance made terrible by my having slighted it for so long. Never again could I enter the Garden.

At five o'clock that afternoon I took the golden hair out of its box for the last time. Winding it around my finger as I had on the first night, I walked out on the desert towards the village of Adityapur, which lies some four miles distant from Bharatpur. The wind was blowing sand and dust and bits of leaves about my ears, and the sun had an odd, platinum look. Standing there in the middle of nowhere, in that eery light, with my Indian clothes whipping about me, I unwound the golden hair from my finger, held it up for a moment, then let it go into the wind. . . .

Two years and half a world have come between me and That. Nightly my dreams are still of one whose beauty, though veiled—or because it is veiled—is so poignant that I protest in my sleep. It may be that there is no escape, even in seeking, from that which we most desire.

Portrait of a Boy as a Bird

By Norris Lloyd

Each day he waked
to the shiver of dew and doves' wings;
watched the plummet and pounce of flicker,
his shriek a bravura;
walked the thicket
amid the glitter and fidget of warblers;
wound his heart like a watch
at the humming bird's caesura.
He was obsessed and possessed by wings,
he dreamed of flying;
made his body a hurtle in air,
felt an inner propulsion,
banked and turned with the swallows,
tracing their rosy parabolas,
tagged after purple martins
intent on their daily devotions,

sank with the gulls to breathe
with the breathing lake,
and rocked there and rocked and rocked
until time to wake.

Norris Lloyd has published poetry in a number of little magazines; a long short story of hers appeared in the fall, 1956 issue of *Botteghe Oscure*.

Silent Partner

By Maxine W. Kumin

The thumb of man, a useful sop
For sucking, is a stubby prop.

For jeering, juxtaposed to nose,
Thumb tarter is than Mencken's prose.

Thumb up's approval. Angled down,
Deposes demagogue or clown.

Most fit to curl around its fellows
In admirable fist, it mellows.

Fine for stringing up, or twiddling;
Nero exercised his, fiddling.

Dextrous member of the digits,
Man uses his; ape just fidgets.

Neat for prying page or plum,
Finger frangible, and dumb.

Maxine W. Kumin gradually acquired her "addiction to poetry" after a short period doing free-lance writing assignments on medical subjects. Her poems have appeared in a number of literary and poetry journals.

The Ghost of Caliban: Europe and the Negro

By CHARLES H. NICHOLS

WE HAD BEEN AT SEA for ten days. The rugged, gray coastline of Norway, its villages nestling in green hills, lay to the left. Small waves lapped the sides of the *S.S. Stavangerfjord*; the city of Oslo loomed ahead. When the ship was moored the crowds on shore shouted and waved. Then a hush fell. A band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Norwegian national anthem. My wife held our five-month-old son while David, our three-year-old, clung to my legs.

"Lift me up! Lift me up! I want to see," he said. It was a fine, bright day in August. I had a sense of expectancy and excitement. Though no great patriot, I reacted with pounding heart and quickened pulse to the singing of the anthems. This was, after all, one world, I thought, and I had come to Europe, the better, the older part of it.

Then an Oslo newspaperman and a photographer were at my elbow. They had heard that I was aboard. "Where are you going?" "Why did you choose to lecture in Denmark?" "Have you been to Europe before?" "Is the situation of the Negro in America improving?" In my first foolish vanity I almost fancied myself a celebrity, but when I had met my fourth reporter, a petite blonde with a persistent, domineering manner, I realized that I was no celebrity but merely (like the Negro at home) a "problem." We sat in the lobby of the recently-built American embassy in Copenhagen. "Why would you, a Negro, want to come to Denmark?" "How do you feel about discrimination?" "Do you ever wish you were white?" She

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During a Fulbright year (1954-55), CHARLES H. NICHOLS lectured not only at Aarhus University, but at Uppsala, Stockholm, and Oxford Universities and elsewhere on the Continent. He is Professor of English at Hampton Institute.

probed. I looked through the high plate-glass windows to the tree-lined street outside. I explained that I was a student of American literature and that I had been awarded a Fulbright to lecture at Aarhus University. I tried to point out that I was not an ambassador of the Negro people, that while I was indignant about discrimination, I thought it a dismal fact that even in Europe I would have to fight the same old battle for my individuality. She brushed this aside with one stroke and went on: "How do Negroes in America feel about Mau Mau?"

One of my shipmates had been a world-weary professor on his way to Palestine who had remarked on our fifth day out: "We rush from shore to shore, but there are the same problems on both sides of the Atlantic." I was to think of this comment many times during my year in Europe. For most people who travel hope to escape the nagging responsibilities of home, and I confess that not a small part of the appeal of the Old World lay in the fact that its grandeur was not sullied by signs reading "colored" and "white."

Aarhus, the city where we lived for nine months, has about 150,000 people; it is a modern metropolis on the eastern coast of Jutland. When we had settled down there, I began my lectures on American naturalism. My wife and I began to learn the language, enrolled our child in the local nursery school and set about discovering the Danish way of life. We were royally entertained; we grew to like apple soup, aquavit and liver paste. We rediscovered H. C. Andersen and Kierkegaard. I soon stopped staring at women who smoked black cigars; the postman in his scarlet coat and workmen in wooden shoes became familiar. But the curiosity of our neighbors about *us* was amazing. For the first few months I could smile at the children who followed me daily through the streets as if I were the Pied Piper or at the grown-ups who gaped at me in the bus. But gradually I was forced to the conclusion that, although the people of northern Europe are not at all hostile to Negroes, they certainly regard them as stereotypes and inferiors.

When my wife took our three-year-old son to the modern, well equipped nursery school, one of the teachers explained (with what I'm sure was the same attempt at genuine kindness that one feels everywhere in Denmark), "The children have been reading 'Little Black Sambo'—so they know about little colored boys." The children

who met us or followed us in the street shouted, "*Neger*!" and "*Di bor i Negerland*!" ("You live in nigger-land.") Teen-agers grinned and said mockingly, "You're a Negro!" as if the Negro were the gullible victim of some prank perpetrated by Fate on All-Fool's Day. Parents pointed us out to their children and explained what we were. The wife of one of my colleagues, a docent at the university, could not persuade her four-year-old child to shake hands when we met at the bus stop. "He's frightened by your color," she said lamely. After he had seen us several times, this little boy finally held out his hand hesitantly one day, and when I had shaken it, carefully wiped it on his coat.

We were noticing, too, in advertisements and songs the familiar Negro stereotypes. The oatmeal box had caricatures of grinning Africans. A huge poster on the wall of the Oslo "subway" showed dancing black men, wild-eyed, mouths agape, with lips like doughnuts, ecstatic over a product someone hoped to sell. One of the popular songs in Germany was about "Ten Little *Negers*" illustrated in pictures with the well known stereotypes.

In June I went to Germany to lecture. I travelled on a crowded and dirty train from Frankfurt to Treysa through beautiful countryside. I was on my way to the *Melanchthonschule*, a school for boys and girls from about 10 to 18. The students were returning from a camping trip; many of them were on the same train. They leaped off with their knapsacks, wearing the leather shorts so common in southern Germany. A hearty young teacher greeted me warmly, and we drove in a Volkswagen to the school which lay among rolling green hills virtually surrounded by woodlands. As soon as I had put down my bags in my room a tall, amiable boy of about 17 appeared to show me the grounds. We were joined by another fellow, Helmut, rounder, shorter, more naive, and strolled through a grove that would have delighted Wordsworth's heart. When we had climbed a high bluff we looked down on the old village of Ziegenhain two miles away. The second boy was watching me closely while the tall one and I talked of the latter's recent visit to the Eastern Zone. Suddenly Helmut asked me in German: "Do the Negroes in America wear bones and rings in their noses as they do in Africa?" I explained in my hesitant German that there was some question as to whether he understood Africa, but that he surely was not very well informed about Negroes

in America. We looked out on the panorama below. Then he looked at my hands and exclaimed in astonishment: "But why do Negroes have *white* hands?" I could only be honest. "I don't know," I said.

I lectured in fourteen German cities. I bumped along on ancient wooden trains through the ugly Ruhr district—from Dorsten to Herten, from Krefeld to Düsseldorf to Bochum. And since I was lecturing on the "race problem" I was asked all sorts of questions. "Do Negroes vote in America?" "How widespread is intermarriage?" "How many Negroes can read?" "You say that Negro writers are no longer 'merely correcting impressions about race'; do you feel they should imitate the white man?" "What do you think of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?" "You speak of freedom for Africa," said a blonde girl. "Albert Schweitzer says it is a question whether the Africans can ever be civilized. He should know." I pointed out that her notions of what constituted a "civilized" people were, perhaps, too narrow. "The cultures you consider uncivilized are different from yours, but the people are not necessarily inferior." In Herten a woman said indignantly after I had talked: "You speak of freedom and self-government for Africa. You must remember that European nations have invested a great deal of money in Africa and that these are very primitive people!" "Ah," I retorted, "even in Europe people do not invest money without expecting and (if they continue to invest) getting a larger return. And as for your claim that Africans are primitive people—" I spoke again of cultural relativism. Then I went to Bremen. On a rainy afternoon I was standing in a doorway waiting for a bus when a middle-aged man came up. Without any preliminaries he extended his hand and began singing "My Old Kentucky Home!"

No doubt many of the thoughtless and insensitive words and actions I have so far described are the result of ignorance. For the Europeans I have mentioned are not sophisticated people. Few had had any contact with colored people before, but the Caliban myth was deeply ingrained in them: it did not occur to them that they might treat me as they would any human being in their own country. Happily most of the people we met did not regard us as curiosities and showed great warmth, dignity and kindness. But even among intellectuals we encountered attitudes which were distressing. For example, an elderly man who attended my lectures at Aarhus Uni-

versity—a university graduate—took issue with my interpretation of Stephen Crane's *Maggie*. The opening scene of the novel presents a group of boys in a lower East Side, New York York slum, fighting and pelting each other with stones. I had attempted to explain their hostility by calling attention to their difficult surroundings, their sense of deprivation. This man insisted, however, that such savage hostility was an expression of something innate. "You refuse," he said, "to recognize the hereditary limitations of some peoples and races. Africa, for instance, never had a culture and has contributed little to civilization." When I mentioned Egypt, Ethiopia, Benin, Dahomey, he waved an impatient hand: "Those civilizations were basically Semitic!" This kind of foolishness may not be very widespread in Europe, but it is surprising in view of the fact that information about Africa is much more easily obtained in Europe than in America.

A Danish professor of international law, who has served on one of the committees of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, deplored Denmark's loss of its empire. He surprised me by saying in the course of an otherwise delightful evening at his home, "Don't you think that minorities often create problems for themselves by crowding together in one place, by agitating in groups and calling attention to themselves?" When I had recovered sufficiently I could only ask whether he had ever heard of the ghetto or of restrictive covenants. "Surely," I said, "you don't believe that minorities wish to be segregated. And as for their agitation, how would you expect them to behave when the thoughtless, the greedy, or the bigoted stand on their faces?"

When the students at Aarhus University held their first ball, I was surrounded by friendly faces as soon as I arrived. The *aula* and the *wanderhalle* were decorated with Japanese lanterns; everyone was resplendent in strictly formal attire. Flanked by two students and walking arm in arm, I was taken to the bar and treated to drinks. A pretty little blonde, no doubt mocked by much alcohol, threw her arms around my neck and said she had always wanted to marry an African. We chatted gaily. Then a young fellow said:

"When are you going to play?"

"Play?" I echoed.

"We can't wait to hear you. You *are* Billie Banks, aren't you?"

I smiled a little sadly. "I'm not a jazz band leader," I said.

European students have a great passion for jazz, but I could not help reflecting that again they had responded to me with the usual stereotype. Their quick assumption of familiarity, their expectation that I would play or sing were not very different from the expectations of a woman I met two months later.

Wearing a sweater and old trousers, I was riding a bicycle out of the driveway near where we lived. David, my little boy, was on the handle bars. Suddenly I heard someone shout from a hundred yards down the street: "*Neger!* Black man!" Turning I saw a dumpy little woman with a scarf tied around her head hurrying toward us. When we were face to face she said incredulously, "What are you doing here? Are you from Africa?" She spoke a garbled combination of Danish and English. I explained that I was a visiting professor at the university. Her eyes narrowed. She drew the belt tighter around her plush coat.

"A professor? Come now. Don't lie to me. A student maybe?"

"I am an American, and I am a professor," I said firmly.

Angry, she wagged her head at me as if I were a small child. "You might be a lecturer, but a professor? A black man a professor! Impossible!" By this time I was angry myself, and we rode away from her as she called out furiously: "You shouldn't lie to me. . . ."

Later I learned that there was a mental hospital in the area and that the patients were given a great deal of freedom to walk about. She *may* have been a patient. But she had surely not found her way there for her attitudes towards black men. If Danes (or Europeans) were confined for prejudice, the hospitals would have been jammed with inmates.

Those who do not expect the same racial mythology in Europe that one finds in the United States have forgotten their history. I am not referring to the obvious fact that the slave trade was carried on by Europeans or that European imperialism in Africa needed a rationalization, though these are pertinent facts in considering the attitudes I observed. What I have special reference to is the whole absurd structure of European ethnologists of the nineteenth century and the racist dogmas of Nazism. Gobineau and Muller essayed to establish the superiority of the Nordic peoples, and Goebbels took up the refrain. The museum of man in the *Palais de Chaillot* in Paris still

presents the "races" of man in a hierarchy with the Nordic people at the top and the Hottentot at the bottom of the ladder.

Virtually every European is convinced of the superiority of European culture. One finds this in the books of Bernard Berenson and Arnold Toynbee. The director of the lecturing agency for whom I worked in Germany hoped I would reveal in my lectures "*das Wesen des Menschen Negers*," as if the ultimate nature of the Negro were something dark and inscrutable. And the people of northern Europe speak deprecatingly of the Spaniards and Italians. Over and over again the Danes referred to the Italians as "childish" and "emotional." When I raved about the wonders of Venice, Florence and Rome, my Danish friends asked whether Italy were not, after all, very dirty. To compare the painting, sculpture and architecture of southern Europe with those of Scandinavia (if these are any tests) is to refute categorically the notion that Italians are inferior, say, to Swedes.

The barbarism of segregation, as buttressed by an unjust, jerry-built system of laws from Virginia to Florida and from South Carolina to Texas, has not been reproduced anywhere in Europe. Make no mistake about it. This is a significant difference between the United States and Europe. But it would be difficult to prove that racial attitudes are *at bottom* any different abroad. Often I could not escape the feeling that indignities against Negroes in America were indignantly inveighed against in Europe as a part of their anti-American propaganda. The Frenchmen who deplored the murder of Emmett Till enjoyed seeing this mud on our national escutcheon.

Where Negroes and other colored peoples have appeared in large numbers in the Old World they are almost invariably regarded by Europeans as a "problem." Again and again Germans asked me: "What shall we do about the black children, the children of the American Negro soldiers?" "If there is no prejudice in Germany as you claim," I replied, "why are they more of a problem than the illegitimate children of French, Russian or English soldiers?" "Ah, but they are *black*," they insisted. One woman told me that a big-hearted Swedish woman had built an orphanage for the black children where they could be segregated, as if this awful step were a solution. Many of these children have been abandoned by their mothers and have become public charges. They are subject to the ridicule of their playmates. Thoughtful people I met in Germany

quickly conceded that the poison of Nazi racism is still strong and welcomed me in the hope that I could help dispel this nonsense and superstititon.

In the Netherlands and in England the situation is much the same. The Dutch have had thousands of immigrants from Indonesia who have not been received with open arms. The Indians, West Indians and Africans one meets in Liverpool and London tell the same dreary tale over and over. Cultivated Africans and Indians, university men in many cases, cannot find rooms, are insulted in restaurants and public places of amusement, and while London needs labor, cannot find jobs.

It has taken most Europeans and Americans too long to realize that the Negro is a part of western civilization, that his history and theirs are inextricably intertwined. While I was in Rome I gave four lectures and conducted three seminars on Emerson. The group of Italian university students assembled for the conference in American Studies were keen and eager. One afternoon as we sat around the seminar table in an elegant eighteenth-century palace, two students from Venice, while we were discussing Emerson's style, set about challenging traditional aesthetics. By way of proving a point they introduced Michaelangelo who, they insisted, was vastly over-rated. In order to justify our own feelings about the Sistine chapel we were forced into a discussion of the Italian Renaissance and its origins. Though the discussion was not strictly relevant, it got so exciting that I did not attempt to stop it. Later I walked with two students through the ruins of the Roman Forum, and we amused ourselves by recalling lines of Cicero and Horace. Suddenly one of them stopped before the arch of Titus and exclaimed: "It never occurred to me that Americans might read Cicero and be able to quote him in Latin, or that an American would know anything about the *cinque cento*!"

James Baldwin, in "Stranger in the Village," an article published in *Harper's* in October, 1953, speaks of the way people in a little Swiss village regarded him as a curiosity and of some of the attitudes I have mentioned here. He insists, however, that the Negro's experience in America has had one good effect: it has taken from white men "the luxury of looking on me as a stranger." No doubt the Negro has educated *some* people in America, *as well as in Europe*. What bothers me about Baldwin's thesis, however, is his claim that the Cathedral

of Chartres has a meaning for a European different from the one it has for him, that the Negro is cut off from the past history of western civilization, that "black is the color of damnation," and "we cannot escape our origins." Baldwin is like a man at the bottom of a well who cannot imagine how some men can claim to see the dawn. Tortured with self-hate, he sees the racial myth as a devil that cannot be exorcised, for he, like the racists, believes that at bottom the Negro, Caliban-like, must be out of tune with western life. And herein lies the most damaging effect of prejudice: that oppression has a dehumanizing effect, that tyranny forces the slave at last to believe himself a slave. Furthermore, it is all very well for Baldwin to sneer (as he does in another place) at Harriet Beecher Stowe (a woman admittedly not free of racial dogmas) and Richard Wright (a man once misled into communism), but the fact is that the reformers, no matter how clumsy or stupid, have begun to bring about a change in the world's view of the Negro by attacking slavery, discrimination and segregation. Indeed this change has been so great in the last generation that we can hope that what Baldwin and I experienced will not happen to our sons.

But to return to the Cathedral of Chartres, like the Roman Forum or the Sistine Chapel, it is a part of the culture of an educated Negro in the same way that these art objects are part of the world of an educated European. And there are no doubt peasants in Europe who would find Chartres and the Sistine Chapel incomprehensible. For these monuments represent—like the Sphinx of Egypt or the sculptures of Benin—concrete evidence of the possibilities of the human spirit; they communicate to any sensitive human being. And this is, after all, the heart of the whole matter. For as long as Europeans, or Americans, or Zulus think that a man's color can set him outside the human pale, as long as they have not intelligence enough to recognize the normality of some human differences, as long as they have not imagination enough to approach each other sensitively with due respect for each man's individuality, we cannot hope to end the heartache, the waste of human resources, the conflict between peoples. The ghost of Caliban, Prospero's slave (the illusion that some men are innately savages) must be laid to rest.

But this struggle for the freedom and opportunity of the human spirit is of the very essence of life itself. What the intelligent, ethical

man does is devote himself systematically to the solution of his problems—undismayed by the bigots, the condescending, polite disclaimers, and the petulant, frightened men who see the world from the bottom of a well.

Happily, this vigorous interest in building a better world is characteristically American. I remarked on one occasion to a Swedish professor who had been in the United States: "Don't you think that intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic are concerned about many of the same things?"

"Yes," he replied, "but the American democratic ethic is more active. You *do* something about the world's wrongs!"

Tenement Fire

By James Leigh

A condemned matchwood tenement
Burned flat one city summer day.
The haughty engines came and went;
The circling crowd dissolved away,
Stranding the new-made evictees
In mortified, muttering sidewalk knots,
Guarding their saved securities—
Mattresses, breadboxes, flowerpots.
The children, quick in colored flashes,
Resumed their play among the ashes.

James Leigh is an undergraduate at San Jose State College.

Les Precieux

By Horace E. Hamilton

When I think of their look, limp hands that weave
Mock colors of life, ennui at blood-letting rites
And mimic murmuring of words livelier times invent:
And this other youth, mute, spent on cynic protocol—
I say a leader may teach; and close the book.

And each knows, knowing the manly thing so well, to
Never choose, but do as their peers do, as form goes:
Hard paradigm issuing in the cant of public grace,
Removing what has no moment's use: the lobotomy of
Each man's mystery, cancelation of his inner face.

But as I think how Art is feared, how it unbuttons
A stout man's jeer, and leaves the tender toes unshod,
The classroom all veils and bogs, the odd unnative
Vowel at honest ear, the aped drawl: I want to wring
Limp wrists, sing dirty songs about unctuous pedagogues.

Horace E. Hamilton is a member of the English Department at Rutgers University. He is now at work on a novel drawing upon his background of fifteen years as a youth in China.

Books - - - -

HOUSE ON SPRUCE STREET

By ARTHUR S. HARRIS, JR.

My high school friend Charlie Bacon was no athlete, but he was good at chess, played a fair honky tonk piano, and had a good-sized collection of old jazz records which he had picked up from junk dealers and second-hand furniture stores around Boston. He was also a reader. The rumor that he had read everything in the high school library was absurd, for Charlie was selective. He had no interest in science, for instance, and probably had never even *opened* a copy of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.* But at a time when we were reading Robert Louis Stevenson, Raphael Sabatini, and George Eliot in class, Charlie was working his way through Sinclair Lewis, Frank Harris, and D. H. Lawrence on his own.

During the summer preceding our senior year, Charlie discovered Thomas Wolfe. That fall Charlie's eyes would glint behind his frameless glasses and he would clench and unclench his fists telling me about Wolfe's *power* and *feeling for life.* He described scenes in the books for me. The way Charlie put it, Wolfe did not sound too exciting: there were a number of deathbed scenes, I gathered, and quite a bit about trains chuffing along the edge of rivers at night, their whistles hooting and tooting—a mixture of the grim and the juvenile, I thought. I said as much to Charlie in the high school lunchroom one day when he was carrying on about his new literary discovery. I liked to bait him.

"Grim! Man, life is grim," he said, gesturing generally at the lunchroom. "People live and die, you know, and Wolfe has caught it somehow, the feel of it all, so you are there and feel it too, the sweep of it, and the dignity. The big old bed with Ben dying and the family there—you'll just have to read it yourself!"

For the past three years ARTHUR HARRIS, JR. has been a radio-television news director. Before that he taught English (at Georgia Institute of Technology and the University of New Hampshire). His work has appeared in *Nature*, the *American Mercury*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I knew that sooner or later I would be reading Wolfe, perhaps when the cross-country season was over and I wasn't so tired at ten o'clock at night that I had to leave my home-work unfinished and go to bed. Charlie's enthusiasm was contagious. Already he had developed my interest in jazz, and on weekend nights when I wasn't borrowing my father's car to take some girl named Eva or Mildred in to a Boston movie, I sat up in Charlie's attic bedroom and listened to Mezz Mezzrow and Meade "Lux" Lewis on a battered radio-phonograph. There was, as Charlie said, a feeling to the music, a *drive*, a *sincerity*. I suppose Charlie was a kind of tutor; I was the eager student and soon I had learned to talk the way Charlie did about jazz.

Charlie did not wait for the end of the cross-country season to introduce me to Wolfe. He soon handed me in study hall a library copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* bound in red cloth with the title stamped in gold on the spine. It was a long book and Charlie was sensible enough to put a note inside telling me to skip a little if I wanted. It got off to a slow start, he wrote, and I could just as easily pick it up a couple of chapters in.

I was not nearly the reader Charlie was, but I liked books and read easily. And once I started the novel that weekend, I too began to fall under the Wolfe spell. Here was young Eugene Gant on a train trip watching the sun wane and redden on the rocky river and the Tennessee gorges, then falling asleep "to the rhythmical pounding of the heavy wheels." Here was his brother Luke selling magazines, his father reciting poetry and getting drunk, and brother Ben dying of pneumonia in an upstairs room. I had never read anything like it before.

* * *

Look Homeward, Angel may or may not be a minor classic, but it is unmistakably a young man's book. When I read that weekend of Laura and Eugene going up into the hills above the town for a picnic and clinging "together in that bright moment of wonder, there on the magic island, where the world was quiet," I just about blew a gasket, it was so moving.

Even though I would report tired for Monday's cross-country practice, I read late Sunday night to finish the novel. I did not consider myself *especially* sensitive, but tears came to my eyes as I read the final chapters describing Eugene Gant's departure from home: " 'Good-bye,' he muttered harshly. 'Good-bye, mama!' A wild, strange cry, like that of a beast in pain, was torn from his throat. His eyes were blind with tears; he tried to speak, to get into a word, a phrase, all the pain, the beauty, and the wonder of their lives—every step of that terrible voyage which his incredible memory and intuition took place to the dwelling of her womb. But no word came,

no word would come; he kept crying hoarsely again and again, 'Good-bye, good-bye.'"

Before the next week was out, I had read all nine hundred pages of the only other Wolfe novel then published, *Of Time and the River*, and I had a reserve card in the library for a book of his short stories. From that time on I was a dedicated member of the Wolfe cult, along with Charlie Bacon. Together we discussed the books; on weekends we sometimes visited places he had written about—Boston's market area, Jake Wurth's restaurant, the huge South Station. Charlie had even memorized some of the more rhapsodic passages of the novels and on winter nights when we were saturated with jazz from the phonograph, Charlie would light up his pipe, half close his eyes, and intone: "Come up into the hills, O my young love. Return! O Lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again, as first I knew you in the timeless valley, where we shall feel ourselves anew, bedded on the magic in the month of June."

* * *

Just as Charlie and I were getting ready to go away to college the next fall, we heard of Wolfe's illness and then his death in Baltimore. We were saddened. We had identified ourselves with this tall, robust wanderer, this voice speaking of trains roaring over American fields and rivers and gulches at night, and now, at thirty-seven, he was dead and buried in his home town of Asheville.

By that time I owned copies of the two novels which I took to Harvard with me, along with my clothing and portable typewriter. Charlie owned his copies too; perhaps he took them up to Bowdoin with him, I don't know. In separate colleges with others to learn from, we began to drift apart. There were a few letters. I told Charlie I had made the freshman cross-country team and he told me about a girl from Portland he'd been seeing. Then even the letters stopped.

When we met during college vacations, we avoided mentioning Wolfe. I think we had both discovered at college that admiring Wolfe was considered adolescent. At least the papers on Wolfe that I pecked out on my portable typewriter didn't impress my English instructor. The first one carried a D-grade and this terse question: "Is there anything to Wolfe beyond mere bombast and weary hyperbole?" I was advised to read Melville, James, Kafka, and Proust. My term paper on "Symbolism in Conrad's *The Secret Sharer*" was treated respectfully. "Now you see how a *real* writer works," my section man said to me in conference at Warren House. "He organizes and plans and creates a work of art. He just doesn't go off in

sixteen directions like your Rover Boy writer Wolfe. *He* never organized anything in his life."

Despite the faculty's glacial attitude toward Wolfe, I continued to be interested. I managed to look over some of the manuscript ledgers of *Look Homeward, Angel* in Widener Library. I read the two posthumous novels and added Esther Jack to the Wolfe characters I could not forget. For all the "bombast and weary hyperbole," there were people in those books who came remarkably to life. If I no longer was *publicly* enthusiastic over Wolfe, I was still a silent member of the Thomas Wolfe cult, whether that was adolescent or not.

* * *

One October, shortly after the war, I happened to be in Knoxville, Tennessee with a weekend to myself. I was a "college traveler" for a publishing company. Since my territory was too far away for short visits with my wife and son up in New England, I spent inexpensive weekends making a few dollars on my expense account and keeping up to date on my reports in a hotel room. Sometimes I took in a football game.

Friday night in my hotel room at the Andrew Johnson I was looking over a road map, thinking I might take a drive out to the Great Smoky Mountains over the weekend. But when I saw how close Asheville was, on the other side of the Smokies, I decided to go there instead. Wolfe's mother, over eighty years old, still lived in the family house on Spruce Street. I did not expect to see her, but perhaps I could get a good look at the house and see some of the places Wolfe had written about, just as Charlie and I had made such pilgrimages to Boston nearly ten years before.

The next morning I drove to Asheville, parked in Pack Square, and took off on foot for the Wolfe home. I did not want to drive to Spruce Street, slow down, and gape at the house from my car, with its Massachusetts license plates. If possible I wanted more than a quick tourist's view; I wanted to get, as Charlie used to say, *the feel of the place*.

Spruce Street dipped away from the modern Asheville, with its stubby new hotels gleaming in the October sunlight. In a block or two, past the Trailways Bus Garage, it became a shaded street flanked by late nineteenth-century houses, bursting with dormer windows and a variety of porches.

I was looking for number 48 where Mrs. Wolfe, I had heard, sometimes took in a few roomers. As I say, I had not expected to see her, least of all outside of her large clapboard house, sweeping the cement walk. But there she was, a small and wiry woman, over eighty, dressed in a loose, black dress, squinting at me as I hesitated on the sidewalk.

"You're one of them all right," she said to me. "You've come to look at Tom Wolfe's house, now haven't you? I can always tell."

She did not wait for an answer. "Well, you come and look at it then, I'll show you. Anything special you want to see? Some of them want to see his books. He didn't do much writing here, you know. He read a lot though; used to be always sprawled around with a book. I think he read more than just about anybody in town, Tom did. That's what the librarians said."

Mrs. Wolfe was the model for the talkative Eliza Gant of the novels, all right. I hardly said a word.

She took me into the front hallway, then into the living room where a small coal fire slowly burned itself out, having taken the morning chill off the porch-shaded room. She showed me several photographs—Tom as a-boy, as a student at Chapel Hill, as a tourist in Europe. And she showed me his silver baby cup.

Then she led me out to the warm sunporch cluttered with plants, sewing, books and newspapers. We sat down.

She talked about her children, three of them now dead, about Asheville and Zelda Fitzgerald. She spoke of Maxwell Perkins. "It hurt Tom to break with him that way, to leave Scribner's after all that time, but I guess he felt he had to do it. It nearly killed him trying to prove himself to those Harper people, you know. He wanted to do right by them."

I did not say much. Once in a while I managed a quick question ("Do you think he liked music much?") and she would be good for another five minutes.

Still talking steadily, Mrs. Wolfe took me through the big house furnished with old and serviceable furniture. She showed me three beds: Tom's, a hard-looking brass bed long enough for his six-foot frame, on the upstairs sunporch; an old battered wooden bed with an enormous, scrolled headboard—where all the Wolfe children were born, Tom the last of all; and she showed me a white metal bed with four brass knobs on the bedposts and a naked light bulb hanging above it—the bed where Ben had died. Looking at it I could think only of the hypnotic Wolfe words I had read so often back in my high school days: "Up on the mountain, down in the valley, deep, deep, in the hill, Ben, cold, cold, cold."

* * *

We came downstairs and stood a moment on the front porch. I thanked Mrs. Wolfe for showing me her house. I wanted to say something about her son's fame and perhaps something about his detractors, but there was

no way to phrase it there on the front porch, where Mrs. Wolfe's boarders used to rock on summer evenings.

She picked up her broom and walked with me down to the sidewalk. Her dark-framed glasses reflected the sun; she squinted and her white, lined face seemed astonishingly frail.

"You're going out to Riverside now, aren't you—to the grave?"

"Yes," I said simply.

"I kind of thought you would. Most of them do. I could tell just what you wanted when I saw you coming down the street. Well, goodbye."

I said goodbye and turned to walk up sloping Spruce Street toward Pack Square. Then I heard her voice calling after me, telling me what bus to take to Riverside.

"You got that all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Thank you."

I did not have the heart to tell her I had a car parked a few blocks away. And as a matter of fact when I got to the car, I put another nickel in the parking meter and looked around for the bus to Riverside.

The bus would be better anyway. Perhaps back in Knoxville I would be hunting up Charlie Bacon's address and writing of my visit to Thomas Wolfe's home town. He would be pleased with the bus trip—"the only way to get the real *feel of a place*," he used to say back in our high school days together.

JOYCE AND WOLFE

Stephen Hero. By James Joyce. Ed. by Theodore Spencer from Manuscript in the Harvard College Library. New Directions, 1956. $4.

Joyce: the Man, the Work, the Reputation. By Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. New York University Press, 1956. $6.

The Tightrope Walkers. By Giorgio Melchiori. The Humanities Press, 1956. $5.

The Mirror in the Roadway. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf, 1956. $4.50.

Dublin's Joyce. By Hugh Kenner. Indiana University Press, 1956. $5.50.

The Letters of Thomas Wolfe. Ed. by Elizabeth Nowell. Charles Scribners' Sons, 1956. $10.

Here are good books, of most value to the readers who have most

use of them. Students as well as scholars will want the most complete edition yet of *Stephen Hero*, all the recoverable pages collected in a handsome volume. And both will find useful the assay, biographical and critical, which Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain have made of Joyce, his work and his worth, as well as the worth of his critics. The bibliography is impressive — some sixty items on *Ulysses* alone. Has any other modern work been so much written about, and if not read, stubbornly attempted but guiltily abandoned? It's too bad the authors haven't included, above all, a city map of Dublin, an album of photographs, though at small cost the National Tourist Publicity Organization for Ireland can supply this: in their official guide to Dublin, Joyce is mentioned more often than any other contemporary writer.

The studies by Hugh Kenner and Giorgio Melchiori are for specialists, those who have long since broken the barriers between themselves and the problems in reading Joyce. And you will have to be an admirer of Frank O'Connor, first of all, to admire, let alone tolerate, his opinions: "Proust and Joyce were the heroes of my youth, but . . . Joyce's [work] has lost its charm. The reason may be that I know too much about it. The reason for that may be that there is far too much to know." As for Wolfe's letters, the 800 pages of them stacked here, still incomplete, how can one say they are necessary, if they are not important? All we read of Wolfe is abundantly and redundantly self-revelatory; the letters are simply more of the same, only more embarrassing, being more personal, their utility private.

No "problem" with Wolfe is conspicuously apparent. Therefore the dead thud of a challenge unrealized is apparent. The letters raise the level of the watery excess we already have. Tolerance alone, not even curiosity, keeps the reader on his wide smear of ink. With Wolfe, as not with Joyce and his "cult of art," there is simply the "cult of self." This is now evident.

If both were men of genius, both were not to the same degree conscious artists—whether or not in our self-conscious times this is a good thing. Joyce's stamp of originality is always more deeply imprinted, for all his early admiration of Ibsen. And the same can to a limited extent be said of Wolfe. At least *Look Homeward, Angel*, though Wolfe in one of the letters somewhat scorns it, calling it a "young man's book," influenced as he says it was by Joyce, remains admirable of its kind. Nevertheless, of the two, Joyce is the astonishing "fabulous artificer." Each of his books, from *Dubliners* through *Finnegans Wake* is distinctively "original" in form, if only "different," one from the other. With Joyce, it is always the act performed, imperatively, the *act*, not the actor, which is in the spotlight. With Joyce there is the prime necessity of mystery, the

performance achieved which is inexplicable magic.

What can Hugh Kenner do about this magic? Very little, I think. Much as he has read—and "read into"—the text, and as impressive as his performance in explication is, along with the host of other scholar-critics who have been at work on Joyce since *Ulysses* appeared in the early 20's, Joyce is still a handicap for the undaunted reader, the intelligent reader who, if his own experience counts, still has to explore as he can, with or without guidebooks: the total effect remains magic and our individual experience of it is our ever-rewarding reward. Mr. Kenner expects an untiring and unintimidated reader for all of his closely packed 372 pages. He has, obviously, read more than most of us—more than innocent enjoyment should sustain. I suspect he is writing for other critics, just as it is often said, and wrongly, I think, that Joyce writes for other writers. Mr. Kenner will impress you, nevertheless, though I suspect that this, too, is his intent.

I have never quarreled with Joyce's, as well as Eliot's assumption, that the "prepared" reader is expected. Why not? One has to be prepared to deal with the language of Freud and Jung, for example, if one expects to speak intelligently, as well as intelligibly, with a psychologist. This is an age of special knowledge. It can as well be an age of "special" literature. Shakespeare still isn't for everybody. Which is the conspicuously convincing reason why there are so many books about him. Not all who can write the language can "write"; not all who can read the language can read it. As for those who help us prepare for reading—the great number of our busy scholar-critics, "new" or otherwise — I can only groan, barely audibly, if too often they overprepare the "preparation."

We still do not know enough about Joyce. He remains pretty much an enigma, as he himself was the Protean enigma-maker of the labyrinthic *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Magalaner and Kain point out at the very beginning of their critical summation of Joyce's work that the major obstacle to a definitive study is that "Joyce's biography is very much a problem, [is] in fact, *the* problem of Joyce scholarship." The environmental circumstances of Joyce's childhood and adolescence which concern chiefly his relationship to his nation remain shadowy. Herbert Gorman's biography was "authorized" — meaning that Joyce narrowed and measured its contents. Joyce's correspondence, the major portion of it, remains unpublished. Richard Ellmann's projective biography, "based on exhaustive researches in Ireland and elsewhere," is not yet ready.

Correctly, I think, any exhaustion of *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as biography, what any reasonably responsive reader may take as standard insights, along with the surfeit of sim-

ilar personal histories of intelligent and sensitive young writers, cannot remain ignored. Still, Stephen Dedalus is not quite of that ilk which are Edward Ponderevo, Michael Fane, Paul Morel and Eugene Gant, along with the unnumbered young Werthers of so many first novels. Stephen Dedalus may seem to be of the pattern. But his creator is not. The mark of self-pity may be on Stephen as it is on Eugene Gant. But they differ vastly in intellect, in inherent sensibility. They are far from being similarly immature. Stephen is a young artist; Eugene is the eternal adolescent. ("I seem to have been born a Freshman"—Wolfe writes in one of his letters to a former college classmate, "and in many ways I'm afraid I'll continue to be one.")

Like the majority of the young writers of our time, both Joyce and Wolfe, with the lack of active experience beyond the libraries and classrooms of their youth, both with that sense of being insignificant, which the young and sensitive feel most damagingly, looked in their mirrors, chose their own images as their much-abused heroes. The fathers as in all such accounts are worthless, written out for cathartic rejection; mothers are adored, grieved, deserted; brothers and sisters are stimulants of misunderstandings or simply nonexistent. The insensibility of teachers and schoolfellows is dramatically explored, masochistically rehearsed. Finally, there is a fluffing off, kit and caboodle, of the anti-art home place. Off our young romantics go — to exile, to become wanderers. They may not, because they cannot, go home again.

These similar books, first novels or not, may or may not make up a *genre*. For Wolfe the situation is a dominant passion, his heroes being Eugene Gant again, called by different names. It is significant that although in *Ulysses* Stephen Dedalus again appears, he is a "son," and it is the "father" who is the hero, he being Leopold Bloom, one of the best realized, most fully "created" characters of twentieth-century fiction. And what a fiction! It is like nothing else—just as it can be said there is nothing else like *Tristram Shandy*.

With the scope of Giorgio Melchiori's book — and with his fresh perspective, for he is Italian, a lecturer in English Literature at the University of Rome—we have pretty well explained for us why *Ulysses* is how it is. Melchiori collects his essays with the subtitle, "Mannerism in Modern English Literature." James and Hopkins are for him the instigating funambulists, other teetering "tight-rope walkers" being Joyce, Eliot, Fry, Henry Green and Dylan Thomas. These poets, playwrights and novelists have been balancing on a rope stretched from one literary period to another — one inevitably and consequentially about to begin. Melchiori, at the least, is optimistic. We are at the end of a baroque period, a time when "artists are

groping towards forms expressing a greater stability." It thus follows that "our contemporary artists are foreshadowing an age of certainty to come while for the present asserting their individual faiths." (Not true of Eliot, certainly?)

Melchiori may be a little anxious to be neat, to chop out a "period." I am the most struck by only this: during our times we have had a disproportionate number of Irishmen who have to be counted as part of the show. Certainly they are the most highly individualized performers of them all—with their native gifts of gab, of "blarney," along with their uncompromising sincerity and inconoclasm. And out of Ireland they hied themselves, in hatred of Irish provincialism, of Dublin, their capital city which, as Kenner points out, culturally is still in the eighteenth century. All exiles they are, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, O'Casey — and Frank O'Connor, is he not numbered with them, too?—unable to live in Ireland, unwilling to die in it, themselves epitomizing the "cultural-heroic abstraction," in essence, of the 1920's, the socially dislodged artist.

Of all these it was Joyce alone who was somehow compelled to create a role for himself, if he was to create successfully his "manner" of fiction. He was most preoccupied, as Magalaner and Kain point out with "antiselves." And the "double-writing," pun-making, comic antics come into this as well. And "the final question is that of the author's nature, whether he be artist, cynic, humorist, or seer." With him, as with Wolfe, it was always home that in the trite but true phrase was the safe place where the heart remained. Perhaps as Kenner suggests, with a "Byronic shaking off of dust, and romantic self-expression," a departure of disgust was made. But that is a gesture: it was made at the end of *A Portrait*. It would seem that rejection is an act best served but once. It would seem that adolescence, as later, youth, is a time to outlive, whether in exile or in wandering.

The Portrait was more than a "young man's novel," as Wolfe was to call *Look Homeward Angel*, admitting that Joyce had influenced it. In it was the working out of an aesthetic; because of this, the novel has become a part of literary history, as it is, an essential document to consult for Joyce's personal history. Not to read it is not to begin at the beginning with *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, as not to begin with *Dubliners* and the Ibsen-influenced play, *Exiles*, is not to begin. Wolfe, with all his heart-thumping welter of word-drunk emotions, could only fray out the material of his first fine book, praised by all, including Sinclair Lewis in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, with *Of Time and the River*. Joyce with a credo announced, left Ireland, left *The Portrait*. Only *Ulysses* could lie ahead. It would seem he dared himself to write it.

Schooled as Joyce was by Jesuits, to grow the wings with which he could fly he faced up to problems "philosophic before they were personal." With Wolfe it was the reverse. Bourgeois though Joyce was—and was to remain, paradoxically the middle-class "family man," his exceptional tastes being only in literature and opera, whether residing in Zürich, Trieste or Paris—to dislocate himself from the paralysis of a culture he disparaged he had to erect himself as the figure of the artist. As if by necessity he had to role-play, become the "fabulous artificer," the detached, isolated and indifferent observer—an adaptation of the art-for-art's sake aesthetics of the time—"a rationalization of contemporary literary tenets on scholastic principles," as Haskell Block nicely puts it.

Kenner supposes Joyce's catechism was something like this:

> What does the mind do when it lays on something? How is the artist's understanding an understanding *of* something, and not conceit? What does he do when he lays words together? How can his work be continuous with what he perceives, without being correspondingly opaque. These are ways of asking a single question. "The soul is in a manner all that is. The soul is the form of forms," Stephen Dedalus keeps repeating. Since I have my soul, why worry about what, outside it, is? His own soul, surely, was richer and more radiant than the paralyzed city. But his own soul was a Dublin product. Self-disgust, then?

Self-dedicated as he was as an artist, one of the sources had to be philosophy. As Kenner makes evident, one of the clues "leading out of the cave" was St. Thomas Aquinas, whose "key doctrine [is] that the essence of the genus homo is located neither in body nor in soul, but in the composite." To follow this into aesthetic theory led Joyce outside of his Byronic century "in which the artist's one model was the sulphurous rebel. . . ."

As well as with Yeats, Joyce was attracted to Vico, the seventeenth-century Italian scholar, the first philosopher of history. God, Vico said, made nature, but man made history. History, therefore, was the more proper human study. His fascination for both Yeats and Joyce was his instigation of the theory that the most primitive, dynamic force in human society was the concrete, the intuitive. Society develops and specializes its function with the growing abstraction of language from its original, poetic force—and Yeats and Joyce, both poets, were fanciers of language, had dinning about them Dublin talk, a dizzying brew.

As Kenner indicates, "To inform the phrases and definitions pickled in Jesuit textbooks with such a creative spirit as had once animated them was for Joyce a release from Dublin intellectual deadness and from romantic art."

Even so, Dublin was the center where the heart remained and Joyce kept in touch through letters to rela-

tives and friends. He needed the minutiae of the millions of trivia which go to make up a novel. He subscribed, wherever he was, to the Dublin newspapers. His eyesight dimming, his ears keened the more to Irish speech. Kenner explains it thus:

> No other modern artist has been so fortunate as Joyce in being born where everything he needed was in suspended animation around him. Mr. Pound had to go to classical China, Mr. Eliot to symbolist France, for what the Dubliner possessed at his elbow. It needed laborious resuscitation, however. As he received it at school from the Dublin clerics, the thought of Aristotle and St. Thomas was little more than a stockpile of terminology. . . .

Ulysses evolved, as Melchiori puts it, as the epitome of all possible techniques in the novel form, the omnibus laboratory casebook of all writers learning the art ever since, the expression of Joyce's wish to "achieve a superior synthesis of all the possible modes of expression."

And so be it. Accept, as Melchiori does, Joyce as the supreme mannerist, the most expert tightrope walker of modern literature. Concede with Kenner that *Ulysses*' every word must be gnawed to dry bone. Kenner, along with every other critic-scholar, hauls his ladders over its machinery; all can be explicated in and out of all apparent—and, of course, all unapparent—context. All intuitive expression must be denied, every line of a design crafted with all crafty intent.

Let complexity be resolved. Then what? It is my opinion that the reader of Joyce, or any other complex writer—by any complex person (and we are all terrifyingly complex)—will never be so satisfied as by the rewards of his own persistence. Explication must be his own task, for the hoeing and digging and mining, finally, of others, ingenious and endless, will not be of much value until after the first dogged reading experience is tried. Finally magic—or even call it charm, though it may fade as O'Connor says it has faded—will be the reward. Or there will be none at all.

Accept *Ulysses* as a funny book. For one must. It is certainly the supreme comic invention second to none of our times. And *Finnegans Wake* is even more comic, a semantic block-buster.

I suspect that the comic, the truly comic, has to speak for itself. Just as art does. I may be a little daunted by serious attempts to explain the former. And explanations of the latter, however serious, can be of service only up to a point. The unfailing case against Joyce that he is "high-brow" is a case schemed out by high-brows who would reserve him for high-brows alone.

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THE ROLE OF A FOUNDATION

The Ford Foundation: The Men and the Millions. By Dwight Macdonald. Reynal and Company, 1956. 186 pp. $3.50.

Dwight Macdonald's story of the Ford Foundation, told in the *New Yorker* a year ago in four parts, is put together here in seven chapters. Segments of the story have been rearranged, and some highly significant facts of income and outgo occurring between magazine and book publication have been introduced. The book is still an extended combination of magazine feature and serial. To read it as a serious study of a foundation or of the world of foundations is occasionally to be aggravated by its journalistic organization (and perhaps also by its author's fluctuation of attitude): chapter 7, for example, is an extension of chapter 1; and the first part of chapter 2 more logically belongs in chapter 3, or it might even have been absorbed in 5.

Between preparation of the material for the *New Yorker* and work on the book, two events intervened, one of which distorted the author's problem of transfer of manuscript from magazine covers to boards. One event, the sale of some Ford Company stock held by the Ford Foundation, had been in preparation for some time and was widely anticipated, although, like many another Ford phenomenon, in actuality it outdid everyone's expectations. The second, it seems clear, came to Mr. Macdonald, as to nearly everyone else, as a shock. In December, 1955, as the *New Yorker* series was on the newsstands, the Ford Foundation announced its half-billion gift to hospitals, medical schools, and colleges. This was considerably more money, given in a single operation, than the sum of all other gifts by the foundation since its incorporation in 1936; it was well calculated to disturb any author's stance and to put any basic conclusion out of plumb. In his book Macdonald dismisses the blockbuster of a gift as one more example of the "safe" and traditional in foundation operation. The history of philanthropy testifies that his conclusion may have been warranted concerning medicine and hospital care—and that it might have been true of education, but it wasn't. The $210 million for colleges and universities was for teachers salaries. Macdonald notes that the money was given to institutions of higher education indiscriminately (which would seem to call for further explanation) and that for the individual teacher it only amounts to a four per cent salary increase anyhow. This misses the point. For the gift sparked a genuine change (social as well as

monetary) concerning teacher salaries, which puts it well toward the top of performance according to the best philanthropic philosophy. If a foundation has difficulty managing a capital of two and a half billions, an author can be in equal trouble pigeonholing a half billion he didn't know was about to be unloaded.

The author's bad luck between editions should not obscure the fact that every page of the book is good (if at times disconcerting) reading and that many lines are quotable. Macdonald is witty and critical. Moreover, no one should conclude from his impressionistic method and journalistic organization that he has not done his homework. The book not only describes the structure of the Ford Foundation. It gives enough attention to historical background and to concurrent facts about foundations as social institutions to establish the setting and the cultural framework within which the Ford colossus operates. The work *is* worth serious attention from officials and students of foundations if only to check out the more salient criticisms.

But to turn to the substance under examination: Since about 1949 the chief problem of the Ford Foundation has been that of too much and too early. It has not been simply a matter of size but a special kind of insecurity induced by the combined impact of three forces: the need to speedily organize an enormous new program of philanthropy; the public threat (more quietly expressed than anything said by the Cox or Reese committees in Congress) to "do something" about a great bundle of tax-free money associated with the very competitive Ford Motor Company; and the uncertainty of not knowing at any given moment when the Ford horn of plenty might open again and more millions would tumble out—to disturb the current program as well as to add to its responsibilities. It is doubtful that Henry Ford the Elder had any inkling of his foundation's monetary potential; in one rather wild swing at a sum his fortune might turn loose on the world's ills, he missed the current foundation figure by well over two billions. Nor has anyone else come much closer since. At the end of 1954 the wife of a Ford Foundation executive is recorded by Macdonald as saying to her husband's colleagues: "Why don't you boys just give everybody in the country two bucks apiece and quit?" If distributed in this informal way, the foundation's current capital assets would give each inhabitant of the United States nearer fifteen dollars than two—and who would predict what it might be next year? This kind of plenty plus the other pressures mentioned has its demoralizing side. It has played a considerable part in the fact that in less than eight years the foundation has been reorganized three times—in each case with major changes in personnel and

program. This is a stroke over bogey.

Uncertainty induced by too much and too early has had other effects. Macdonald points out that the frequency of references to "grassroots" in inter-office memos at Ford is a kind of desperate wishful thinking about something that has no existence. It is an old complaint of foundation officials (particularly of ex-foundation officials) that they have no base from which to work, that there is no check-up system or profit-and-loss statement, that their feet are constantly planted in the stratosphere. But at Ford this occupational hazard has taken more formidable proportions. The original study, anything but a public opinion survey, was conducted by interviewing "more than 1,000 experts." The subsequent Report, understandably avoiding any reference to possible projects, was abstract enough to cover practically everything outside the Iron Curtain. And when the program got under way, it soon became a cliché among applicants for grants that it was easier to wangle funds for a half-million dollar project than one calling for $5,000; whether "grassroots" is defined in terms of home talent, local initiative, scholars at work in individual inquiry, or artists in the act of creation, the tendency is for Ford philanthropoids to be well insulated against contact with the results of their spending.

Is it possible for the Foundation to make a virtue out of "necessity," and to use lack of grassroots as one of the measures for predicting the possibility of success of particular programs? There has been no greater failure in the Ford portfolio (if we may here include one of the Ford Funds whose work has already been downgraded by the parent foundation) than the program of the Fund for Adult Education. Successful adult education is grassroots to the core. It gets nowhere unless it begins with what people in individual communities, limited and parochial as they may be, desire, and unless it works through local institutions with some control over the individual program. To answer this "felt need," the Fund came in with millions of dollars worth of audio-visual material, structured programs, and experts—all handed down from on high. At the opposite end of the spectrum, among the Foundation's most spectacular successes have been some of its international programs—for example, the Free University of Berlin, the agricultural know-how program in India, the Pali Project of the Sixth Great Buddhist Council in Burma. The grassroots requirements for such activities are nil; neither the peasants nor local Ford dealers (who are distributed abroad as well as at home) had to be alerted, and in India, for example, the only collaborators necessary to kick off the program appear to have been Paul Hoffman (Ford Foundation

President, 1951–Feb., 1953) and Premier Nehru. The lack of grassroots can be recognized as a severe limitation upon a mammoth program like Ford's, but it appears to be something dangerous to ignore or to sentimentalize. Aside from its refusal to consider small projects, there is no evidence that Ford has attempted to rationalize this want, or incorporate it into its philosophy.

Another weakness Macdonald levels against the Foundation—particularly against recent programs in the regime succeeding that of Paul Hoffman and Robert Hutchins—is lack of courage. As a complaint against foundations this is not new. In 1949 in a *Harper's* article called "Timid Billions," Edwin R. Embree, an experienced philanthropoid, pointed out that nearly all foundation giving had come to concentrate itself in the by now well-tilled philanthropic fields of medicine and public health, education, support of welfare agencies, and research in the natural sciences. Issued in the same year, the Ford Study Report conspicuously excluded recommendations in all of these areas except education. Calling for a "social pioneering as heroic as any of the achievements of the earlier days," Embree further suggested such fresh fields for courageous foundation occupation as improved education of teachers, "heroic development of the human studies" (later known as the "behavioral sciences"), the fight against social and political discrimination, and "world peace and prosperity." Conspicuously again, the new Foundation in the 1950's instituted programs in each of those areas. Now, however, in Macdonald's words, it is "backing away from Embree's heterodoxy"; cited is such evidence as a certain tapering off in spending on its international program, the fact that the Foundation has bid goodbye to the Fund for the Republic, and that it is now planning to enter the "conventional field" of physical science. The price of foundation courage is high, and it is nowhere more conspicuous than in the status of Ford's Behavioral Sciences Program. Macdonald cites it as the one Embree-oriented program that continues intact, but it has been belabored (principally for the cooperative character of its research) by a number of critics, one of them Macdonald himself.

At this point Macdonald's criticism of Foundation conventionality comes in conflict with his charge that its program is shortchanging the the imaginative and the intellectual. Contrary to the "group" research fostered in the Behavioral Sciences Program, he argues, reflective thinking takes place only in one skull at a time. (The returns on the program are not yet in.) Elsewhere his criticisms are more compatible. Macdonald is at his best in analyzing philanthropese — that branch of Foundation lingo which goes on

view in its annual reports: the repetitive circumlocution of vocabulary, the reversible sentences, the generalizations which are, at all costs, prevented from glittering. He is in his element also when he examines such phenomena as the work of Mortimer Adler's philosophical group, *Research on Freedom*, and the activities of Omnibus and the magazine *Perspectives USA*. It may be that the Foundation's program is not sufficiently in tune with current intellectual developments. But there is no great evidence that more intellectuals, either on the several staffs or as recipients of grants, would markedly jump the level of the total program.

These criticisms touch the periphery of a basic question about the foundation as a social institution: What primary mission does the foundation fulfill in the commonwealth? What basic need or public purpose does it serve? Why, as a public commission asked in 1915, shouldn't a limit be set to its size and spending? Or why, as the commission's minority report suggested, shouldn't foundations be dissolved and their funds dispersed to the unemployed? (A generation or two ago when great wealth was looked upon with considerable suspicion, it was sometimes assumed that an employer's excess earnings might better have been paid out in wages. Today, with greater acceptance of foundations and with profits taxed, it is occasionally asked, but *sotto voce*, why all that tax-free money shouldn't be "returned" to the federal treasury.)

Many an early foundation was a form of "conscience money." Andrew Carnegie did much to remove the taint from the institution and to lend this type of philanthropy dignity when he set up his group of foundations according to his "gospel of wealth" and his philanthropic testament, "The man who dies rich dies disgraced." The immediate private purpose of the Ford family in setting up its foundation in 1936 was to control its profits and at the same time avoid taxes. Yet the ultimate end, expressed in the Foundation charter, is that all spending be "for the public welfare, and for no other purposes." As is true of most other large foundations, which also have such chartered expressions of intent, its officers have accepted the charge with the utmost seriousness—at least since 1949, when the big spending was planned for.

But how does a foundation's interpretation of public welfare differ from that of other charitable or eleemosynary institutions, of governments or of other national organizations which also work for the public welfare? Henry Ford II says simply that the Foundation is supposed to "do good." But sophisticated philanthropoids often refer to the funds at their disposal as "venture capital." And Devereux Josephs, a one-time

philanthropoid well acquainted with foundation philosophy, recently remarked, "A foundation has to operate at the edge of social change. . . ." Expressed here is a philosophy of philanthropic free enterprise. A foundation may inevitably find some of its funds tied up in the more conventional types of giving, yet, according to the best doctrine, it is evading its special mission unless it spends money on experimental projects, unless it fosters new ideas and assists creativity wherever it may be found.

Critics point out that the foundation frontier has been closing, that the opportunities for creative giving in the past two decades have grown progressively smaller and fewer. The path of medical education and research which Rockefeller funds pioneered is now established, and the public libraries for which Carnegie gave money have been built. Furthermore, in field after field—not only in social security, but be it noted, in support of university scientific research—the government has been taking over responsibility for the "public welfare." Does this denigrate or make outmoded the idea of venture capital?

Perhaps foundation "free enterprise" needs to be reinterpreted or more logically adapted to current reality. We live in an economy which we conceive as "mixed," pluralistic and democratic. We also recognize it to be an economy under constant pressure toward bigness and bureaucratization. To mitigate the dangers of monopoly and conformity, and to maintain a variety of strength, we welcome any institution free of the pressures either of private enterprise or of government. There is an important commitment here. One conceives of the foundation as a valid counter element in our society. One sees such an institution—when it takes a shape as large as the Ford Foundation—as a kind of "third force" operating sometimes between, but sometimes counter, to other institutions both private and public.

When Ford gave $210 million for the salaries of college teachers, it struck a powerful blow at a major fault in our society—the unequal, undignified position of teachers as compared to that of other callings and professions. The actual raise of four per cent which it spelled out across the board amounted to much less than the indebtedness of society to higher learning which the Foundation dramatized in the largest lump sum ever given for a remotely similar purpose. (The four per cent is much less also than what will be raised or stimulated from other sources for salary increases in the next five years.) No small part of this impact on public opinion derived from the effective use of publicity—something which foundations have habitually avoided as a Victorian lady avoided scandal. There

may be a problem for the Foundation in finding other social maladjustments of similar magnitude to work out on, or presuming they are once found (say, in the area of bureaucracy or of personal freedom) of discovering a lever as effective as raising somebody's pay. However difficult it may be to repeat, the gift for teachers salaries—a large bundle of cash operating "at the edge of social change"—has established a new pattern.

There remains the problem of bringing some of the Ford administration closer to the level at which creativity operates and where a grant takes on personal meaning. It seems unlikely that this could best be accomplished by expanding the number of the Foundation's own administrative personnel — a group whose effectiveness must be constantly guarded from the pressures of size and bureaucracy. A more likely solution would appear to lie in expansion of the number of autonomous or semiautonomous "funds" set up for special purposes or for individual areas. Recently the Foundation established the $5-million Council on Library Resources for the purpose, largely technical, of unlocking and making more accessible the vast materials which now choke the country's storehouses of scientific and humanistic communication. But the general trend seems to be in the opposite direction. The Fund for the Republic has been paid off. The Fund for Adult Education has been downgraded. And most recently, the Foundation has decided to absorb the considerable work of the Fund for the Advancement of Education back into its own program. Separate or associated Funds, if not painstakingly established with clear lines of authority and area, may create internal problems, yet excessive centralization can bring worse. It might help to set up a pilot Fund with an outside limit for individual grants of something under $100,000 and with a very generous budget for administration. A better, more detailed grasp of the "good" its grants were accomplishing and of the people and projects worthy of its venture capital would seem worth while even if the Foundation's total administrative costs (including the Funds') rose as high as fifteen to twenty per cent.

—Paul Bixler

ON DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

The Warfare of Democratic Ideals. By Francis M. Myers. The Antioch Press, 1956. $3.50.

Three Dimensions of Public Morality. By Herbert W. Schneider. Indiana University Press, 1956. $3.

Some years ago Carl Becker wrote an essay entitled, "Some Generalizations that Still Glitter." It is heartening now to have two volumes that demonstrate once more the power of the democratic idea and the hold it may still cogently exercise on the mind of man. At a time when apathy, fear, intimidation, the eclipse of public opinion, the decadence of public debate, and the rise of public relations so widely prevail, it is encouraging to discover in minds so different, yet so lively, as these of Professors Myers and Schneider the renewal of the democratic faith. Each provides a further shaping of the tradition in very different but complementary ways. Professor Myers' perceptions are of the more abstruse issues, but viably expressed and never far removed from "the rough and tumble of daily affairs." Professor Schneider's outlook embodies an historical perspective which looks to the continuity of democratic institutions from the French Revolution to the United Nations, and especially UNESCO.

Nevertheless the themes common to both discussions are purposeful and converging. On every page is evidence of both authors' deep-seated repugnance to authoritarianism, pompousness, regimentation, the stifling of the creative imagination, and the propagation of pedantry and of useless knowledge. Both repudiate violence as a method of gaining human ends; on the contrary, both insist upon the method of intelligence and courtesy as that which alone is appropriate to human relationships. Both reject clannishness, clubs, and ecclesiastical communities as a means for supporting democratic societies; and both regard the adoption of a secular point of view as indispensable to the only universality that can permit men honorably and intelligently to compose their differences. Finally, Myers argues, and Schneider assumes, that democratic values are examinable and are inherent in the fabric of a democratic society. The more minute patterns and designs of the two discussions had better be traced separately.

For Professor Myers the *betes noires* of democratic practice are atomistic empiricism, authoritarianism, and absolutism. By means of ingenious arguments, pointed analyses, and philosophical learning, he convincingly traces the elements which defeat the democratic faith in philosophers otherwise so disparate in their outlook as McGilvary, R. B. Perry, T. V. Smith, Maritain, Royce, and Hocking. (The choice is arbitrary, though unquestionably an interesting sampling of modern philosophers.) What these philosophers have in common, according to a detailed and convincing analysis, is the acceptance of absolutes of varying kinds, absolutes which make hash of the attempt of men and women intelligently to direct their lives and to share common values.

Professor Myers takes his clue for criticizing what he regards as the

basis of the anti-democratic tradition from McGilvary: "moral conflicts are actual warfare." In this case, individual desires being supreme, there is no way of rationally arbitrating among them, and in the final analysis only irrational choice or might can be the arbiter of values. The theme is carried out interestingly enough also in the work of Perry and Smith, so that neither "harmonious happiness" nor "compromise" can be constituted, our author insists, as an adequate principle to resolve conflict, in spite of the considerable respect he has for each of these important thinkers.

Similarly, Catholicism and Absolute Idealism reveal irremediable philosophical defects as grounds of a democratic ideology. After a careful analysis of relevant tenets of Catholic philosophy, Professor Myers feels compelled to conclude that the difficulty its Thomistic formulation encounters is that "in its quest for a truth that ends all search, it must rely upon theories of reality, truth, and 'human nature that make any genuine testing of truth altogether impossible." The methods of authoritarianism which underlie Catholicism, he argues, can, despite denials, never quite be reconciled with equality, liberty, separation of Church and State, and the right of self-determination; and, moreover, the dogmas of the Church "can only be made authoritative by the use of what is essentially might." Absolutism, whether in the form of Idealism (Royce and Hocking) or Catholicism are equally defective.

Professor Myers finds the means to the resolution of the difficult problems of democratic life in the philosophies of Max Otto and John Dewey, especially in the former's method of "creative bargaining" and the latter's theory of knowledge. The rock-bottom ground of democratic life he avers to be in a naturalistic interpretation of man, including naturalistic methods by which man learns about his world. "Ideas" are not mentalistic superentities; they are symbols for guiding conduct, and ultimately for permitting men to live together in challenging and adventuresome ways. What piety is appropriate is only that natural piety by which man can respect man and his place in the scheme of nature. The values on which men's lives depend are natural entities to be discovered and tested through experimentation, and eventually in the fulfilment of the richest of possible alternatives. The only finality is a commitment to intelligent and rewarding life—"the most livable life for all who have a life to live," in the words of Max Otto.

If it is not too ungenerous to descend to a technical level of criticism, the reviewer would suggest that the chief flaw he finds in this analysis is the absence of a clear-cut statement of what these human values are and the standard (or standards) by which they are to be tested. Rightly, Professor Myers is skeptical of utilizing "growth" as

the mark of values, because of its vagueness, tenuousness, and indefiniteness. "Consequences" are indispensable as a principle in this theory, and although he asserts the need for a norm by which to measure consequences, he never clearly indicates what this norm might be. "Meaning" as the norm he also rejects out of hand—perhaps too cavalierly, especially in view of his suggesting, equally vaguely, that the principle by which values are to be judged is "the genuine possibilities" alternative to an action.

The dramatic title of this book, the reader may recall, is *The Warfare of Democratic Ideals*. I think this a good title, and it is suggestive of a content, but in this case unfortunately of a content which is lacking: there is no treatment of the Marxist position and its claim to be regarded as a reformulation of the democratic tradition. The challenge of socialism is one which also purports to have a metaphysical base and to be oriented toward a kind of natural piety, even though it represents a marked shift from the older, individualistic tradition. Perhaps what we see here in Professor Myers' study is a truncated analysis just because, though it asserts the importance of institutions, it fails to analyze their importance. Fortunately, it is at this point that Professor Schneider's analysis complements Professor Myers'.

The *Three Dimensions of Public Morality* is provided with a simple but impressive framework of ideas. Professor Schneider reverts to the democratic ideology of the French Revolution and probes deeply to find continuity between eighteenth-century and twentieth-century democracy. Liberty, equality, and fraternity become the guiding principles, but again principles which dare not be sundered from the life of the community. Quoting Dewey, Professor Schneider heartily subscribes to his insistence that "Fraternity, liberty and equality isolated from communal life are hopeless abstractions. Their separate assertion leads to mushy sentimentalism or else to extravagant and fanatical violence which in the end defeats its own aims." Taking this to heart, our author searches out the significance of these principles as they are embodied in democratic societies.

From the very beginning we are told that rights are contingent upon a cultural context: they are "cultural, not natural," and they are "a general guide for politics, economics, organized religion, in short, for public morality and policy." The outcome of this analysis spiced generously with more than common sense, is that liberty and justice are one and inseparable. No anarchic conclusions are thus derivable from the author's analysis. Carrying the theme forward with great sureness and precision, Professor Schneider finds institutional support for libertarian principles in the total context—not in just the legal, but in all major institutions of society. Furthermore, not

satisfied with the usual statement that liberty must be qualified by responsibility, he presses on to the equalitarian principle with its embodiment in "need" and the requirement for public service. This inspired analysis turns about the rejection of vacuous equality, expressed either in terms of "equality of opportunity" or "equality before God" and the substitution of a more contemporary and viable "equality of consideration." Accordingly, our author is led to an important definition of public utility as "an equitable sharing in providing for possible needs, the costs of which if and when they become actual are difficult to bear personally." Not lured by the siren of happiness or the cyclops of hedonism, he rejects likes and dislikes as a satisfactory basis for governmental action and social life. "We do not ask our government," he laconically avers, "to make us happy, but we think it might try to make us secure." Social needs, not idiosyncratic pleasures, become the guide to the organization of the commonwealth.

The capstone of this analysis is found in his strictures on the fraternal ideal. Fraternity is not the sentimental socialism of sharing values, which, he adds, is a standard requiring even more than that of the sharing of property. It is rather the brotherly ideal of having to live together and to do this with common decency and without hypocrisy. In the contemporary world, this would mean a way of life which surmounts nationalism, chauvinism, parochialism, and provincialism. It is a way of life, he concludes, in which, instead of religious cults becoming the key to life, the religions of mankind become genuinely charitable toward one another and thereby assist the secular fraternity among nations. It is a way of life in which Washington (Liberty Headquarters), Moscow (Equality Headquarters) and Rome or Vatican City (Fraternity Headquarters) come to agreement on fundamentals.

The contribution that Professors Schneider and Myers have made to the literature of the democratic ideal is considerable, each in his own way. If there is any one dimension of analysis that should be explored further, I would say that it is the dimension of technology, such as Lewis Mumford and Clarence Ayres have variously suggested. In the dimension of technology the further functions of institutions are clarified and defined. Such further analyses, however, require treatments that are apparently no part of our authors' intentions. As these books stand, both are good books, and each will generously reward the curious reader.

BERTRAM MORRIS
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